

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

ENTHUSIASTIC people—if there are any people enthusiastic about politics just now—are predicting a Republican victory in Ohio by a majority of forty-odd thousand, which seems incredible. However, no doubt the publication of Rosecrans's letter—an act which seems to hint at relaxed discipline in the Ohio Democracy—has damaged his party more, even, than his declining the nomination. In California, where there was considerable local excitement—a "ring" to break up, and so on—the vote does not seem to have been heavy, not two-thirds of the voters going to the polls. The Democrats have decidedly made gains; but there is less reason for regretting this than might at first be supposed; for the Fifteenth Amendment was probably sure of defeat in any Legislature that could be got together in California, Republican or Democratic. The Chinese question doomed it in any case; for the Democrats are wild on the subject, and the Republicans, in their convention, said by implication that Chinamen should not vote. The Supervisor "ring" in San Francisco, whose operations are said to be almost of New York County grandeur, is understood to be smashed. In Pennsylvania, politics are so fearfully dull that Governor Geary's "dancing on the field of Gettysburg"—going to a ball, that is—has been a fertile source of editorial attack and defence. Local politics, however, are not apt to be dull in Pennsylvania; we see that one of the papers informs an anonymous correspondent who had been slandering a candidate that if he will come to the office and avow the authorship of charges which the editor knows to be false, and will then "uncover his hyena countenance, we will spit upon it for him." Prophecies of the result in Pennsylvania are not made, so far as we observe. Vermont, of course, went Republican.

Attorney-General Hoar has relieved General Canby of a disagreeable duty, and the people of Virginia of what would undoubtedly have worn the appearance of a breach of faith on the part of the Federal Government—and a very exasperating one at that—by giving an opinion that the members of the Legislature elected under the new constitution may meet, organize, ratify the Fifteenth Amendment, and apply for admission to the Union without taking the iron-clad oath; and that the administration of the oath only becomes necessary in case they attempt to discharge ordinary legislative duties. The Attorney-General holds that Congress cannot have intended that the Legislature which is to bring the State into the Union under the new constitution should be subject to all the requirements of the supplemental Reconstruction Act of July 19, 1867; otherwise it would be in the power of General Canby to remove the members, and fill their places with soldiers detailed from the army. The Virginia papers generally hail

the opinion with delight, and predict a return of the halcyon days of the State, or a very fair imitation of them at least; and there are probably few rational men who will not rejoice that the difficulty should have ended in this way.

The leading Republicans of the Stokes faction in Tennessee—or, we may as well say, the leading Republicans—have met in council at Nashville, and put forth a document which would be excellent if it were not for its concluding request, which is in the nature of an appeal to the "Federal Government and the whole people" to interfere and declare the late election of Senter a revolutionary proceeding. As a statement of Senter's frauds and a bearing of testimony that some day will rise up against him, the address in question is a temperate and telling paper. Governor Senter's victory is a stolen one, and he disgraced. Grant, whom both have visited, tells Mr. Senter and Mr. Stokes that he has no thoughts of interfering in any way; that he shall not turn Senter's men out of Federal offices; and that the best thing the two factions can do is to make up. There is no doubt of that; or would not be, if it were clear that there are two factions; but the fact of the matter seems to be that we might almost count on the fingers of our hand every dozen of Republicans who voted against Stokes. Senter's companionship is all the Republicans would get by a reconciliation, and that is hardly "a sweet boon," as Artemus Ward used to say.

Meantime, Senter says, with what truth we shall know next month, that the Legislature elect will ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. What is going to become of the Amendment in the immediate future it is not very easy to predict. Twenty-eight of the thirty-seven States must ratify it, and as yet only fifteen are certainly secured—namely, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. We suppose that no attention is to be paid to the doctrine that New York's ratification is not to be counted because after it was done the Legislature neglected to order the Governor to report its action to the Secretary of State. Yet the *World*, we see, which has been giving such judicious counsel to the party as to the abandonment of "dead issues," no sooner gets scent of this ghost of a chance at the African, than it reverts at once to its native instincts, and jumps savagely the whole length of its chain, forgetting incontinently how nice and tame it has been. Missouri, Kansas, and Nevada, which acted hastily on a telegraphic copy of the Amendment and ratified it, will act favorably again, we suppose, without any doubt, and that gives us eighteen States. Indiana's case is doubtful, in point of law. Nearly all the Democratic legislators seceded when the question came up, thus leaving the Houses without a quorum—certainly an unjustifiable and even shameful action. It is argued, however, by Senator Morton, that a quorum was present of all persons who at the moment, not having resigned, were members. Counting out Indiana, ten more States are needed for the passage of the measure. Rhode Island may be depended on to ratify, although, by reason of her somewhat peculiar constitution, she refused last spring. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas must ratify, or they cannot come into Congress, and Alabama is safe to do it, as she has a Republican Legislature. It will not be amiss—in view of the *World's* proposal and the revolt of the Indiana men—for the Congressional lawyers to look very sharply after the necessary papers, and make sure that there is no informality either at the State capitals

or at Washington when the States still unreconstructed present themselves for admission. A fatality of blundering and botching and botching may hang over the Reconstruction business to the very last, as it has from the very first. Ohio also may be counted, and so may Vermont, Minnesota, and Iowa; but which State to be sure of for the twenty-eighth—as sure of as we may reasonably be in the case of these—we do not quite see. Tennessee or Nebraska or Maryland or New Jersey or Kentucky or Delaware may carry off the honor, but certainly there will be no very hot competition for it on the part of some of them.

Parson Brownlow writes a letter defending himself for having taken Senter's side in the late contest in Tennessee, giving amongst other reasons the somewhat delicate one that he had from the outset a higher opinion of Senter as a man than he had of Stokes. He ascribes a large part of Senter's majority to the interference of Messrs. Boutwell and Cresswell in the election, and says a good many sensible things about the folly of further proscription, which would, however, have been more sensible if he had said them sooner. The air of Washington has clearly had the happiest effect on the Parson's mind, and has also, perhaps as a natural consequence of this, considerably improved his language. If the people of Tennessee will now go to work and take the State credit out of its present disgraceful condition, and put a stop to the disgraceful talk of repudiation, and make the railroads pay the interest on their bonds, they will close the Reconstruction sore for ever, even if they send Andrew Johnson to the Senate.

As we write, Senator Fessenden, of Maine, lies in a critical condition at his home, but slender hopes being entertained of his recovery. We are sure there is nobody who rates honesty and independence in public men as the dearest possessions of the nation at large who will not hear of his illness with the deepest regret, and will not earnestly pray that he may long be spared to furnish the young men of the country with one of those models of character without which no political education can be complete, and the increasing scarcity of which in public life is one of the evils of our time. We say nothing of his intellectual power or attainments, though of both we might say much, because these are less rare in our day amongst politicians than fidelity to conscience and loyalty to one's own convictions of right. The people has ten skilful janissaries for one honest friend, and it has few honest friends than Mr. Fessenden, and not one of whom it may be more justly proud. We wish we could hope that there were yet many years of useful and honored life in store for him, and that Maine might have a chance of doing herself fresh honor by sending him back to the Senate for another term.

Secretary Rawlins had for some years been in such a condition of health that only by the most careful attention could he hope to live from month to month; and for a long time he had habituated himself to the thought of dying suddenly and soon. On Monday last he succumbed, at less than forty years of age. His public career had not been very prominent till he reached his secretaryship—though nine years ago, at the age of twenty-nine, he was on the Douglas ticket as one of the Illinois electoral candidates, and had done his party good service on the stump—and little is known of his real capacities for statesmanship; perhaps his "manifest destiny" speech of last fall was not of great promise. His services in the army, and afterwards at the head of the War Department, gave sufficient proof of his abilities as an executive officer and an energetic man of business. Evidently he was an honest, brave, good-hearted man, and he seems to have had a marked power of attaching others to him. Grant appears to have had a very strong affection for him; but the President's power of becoming attached to his friends is one of the striking traits of his character. One or two incidents of unusual pathos, we are sorry to say, gave a tinge of bitterness to General Rawlins's last hours. His wife was not with him, but lying ill at Danbury, Connecticut, mourning the loss of her newly-born child; and he was leaving his family, as far as money goes, entirely destitute. The Army of the Tennessee have, however,

announced their intention to adopt his children; and at a meeting of merchants here on Tuesday, a liberal subscription for them was at once commenced—\$15,000 being raised on the spot, and more promised; so that the projected fund of \$50,000 will speedily be raised.

The *Springfield Republican* is a very good paper, but there is really an unhealthy rashness about it which frequently causes its friends great anxiety. It said last Saturday, in contradiction of an assertion made by the *Nation*, that "it happened to know" that no letter of introduction for Mr. Reverdy Johnson to Mr. John Bright was written by Mr. Sumner when Mr. Johnson went to England last fall. As we have now got on delicate ground, and as it is important that the *Republican* should be very sure of what it means when it says it "knows" things, we shall be a little more explicit. To say that Mr. Sumner wrote no "letter of introduction" for Mr. Johnson to Mr. Bright is merely a wretched little quibble. What we assert is that Mr. Sumner wrote to Mr. Bright in the fall of 1868, when Mr. Johnson was going to England, what was far stronger and more valuable than a mere formal letter of introduction, viz., a long letter by mail, speaking of Mr. Johnson in the highest terms, calling attention to his unanimous confirmation by the Senate; assuring Mr. Bright that he had the confidence and esteem of all parties; that he was abundantly competent to settle the *Alabama* question, and would, in Mr. Sumner's opinion, settle it. The warmth of the eulogy was so great, in fact, that Mr. Bright was anxious to hurry up to London at once, to see this remarkable man; but, being unable to do so, wrote to Mr. Johnson to apologize, and inserted in his letter an extract from Mr. Sumner's, in order to show him (Mr. Johnson) what a high place he occupied in the opinion even of political opponents. Moreover, after the treaty arrived here, Mr. Sumner on the 17th of January last wrote to Mr. Bright commending it, and on the 19th, after dining with Grant, added a *postscript*, with even a stronger commendation, thus confirming the confidence of the British Cabinet in Mr. Johnson. The subsequent speech, therefore, was to Mr. Bright and others a painful surprise.

Now, we advise the *Springfield Republican* not to traverse this statement hastily. Our reason for making it is that, on or about the 6th of May last, Mr. Sumner submitted to "an interview" at the hands of the New York *Herald* correspondent, in which he laid down the extraordinary doctrine that the British Cabinet ought not to have negotiated with the ambassador of a retiring administration, and even added that "he thought once or twice of calling Mr. Thornton's attention to this, but came to the conclusion that he had no right to do it." If a performance of this sort on the part of the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate be not fit subject for comment in the newspapers, they can hardly be said to have any duties. From a gentleman in that position to a gentleman in Mr. Bright's, about a gentleman in Mr. Johnson's, the letter under discussion had most of the characteristics and many of the consequences of a state-paper of the first order; and it ought to have made the delivery of Mr. Sumner's speech, and the uproar and alarm and loss of property which followed it, absolutely impossible.

The Byron scandal may be said to constitute the leading topic of the day, and every morning the *Atlantic Cable*, as well as our own papers, furnishes a fresh contribution to the controversy. The Byron family have taken the field through their solicitors; but the telegraphic report of what they say is by no means clear. The only thing certain about it is that they feel scandalized and outraged by the revelation, and consider it, amongst other things, a breach of confidence. General Butler has written a long and able letter to the *Boston Journal*, analyzing Mrs. Stowe's statement from the legal point of view, and applying to it the rules of evidence, and, it must be admitted, makes some very ugly holes in it. A Southern editor declares that Mary Chaworth was Byron's half-sister, and that it was she he meant when he made his confession. "The Count Joannes" writes a long letter to the *Herald*, the exact value of which, we think, is not ascertainable through purely human agency, owing to the Count's mental peculiarities. One



thing he calls attention to which is worth notice, however, and that is that Lady Byron called her daughter "Ada Augusta:" after whom was she named Augusta if not after Byron's sister, "the partner, etc.?"

The state of things in Ireland grows highly interesting. The disestablishment of the Church has, as was expected, been succeeded by a renewed, and what promises to be a very vigorous, agitation about the land tenures; and this agitation, we regret to say, derives a good deal of its power from what may be called dropping murders of landlords occurring all over the country, even in districts in which such murders have been hitherto unknown; and it has been stimulated, too, by some very cruel evictions in a district in which this species of abuse of power has been hitherto rarely, if ever, practised. The worst feature of these murders is that there is no doubt whatever that they have constituted for half a century the principal, if not the only, protection of the tenantry against landlord oppression. A period of peace has almost invariably been followed by a period of wholesale ejectment; then the shooting began, and the ejectments ceased. A more barbarous substitute for long leases it would be hard to imagine. There is no denying that it was the Fenian movement which created the public sentiment in England which abolished the Irish Church; and we greatly fear it will be a continued fusillade from behind hedges which will bring about a reform in the land laws, and that the tenants know this, and are acting on their knowledge. One of the good signs of the crisis is that the old sermons about the rent of land being fixed by competition, and about the liberty of the tenant, if he does not like the landlord's terms, to carry his capital and his labor elsewhere, begin to disappear from the English newspapers, and there are signs of acknowledgment that land is a peculiar thing, and may, and sometimes must, be treated peculiarly.

The agitation in Ireland is likely to receive powerful aid from a similar movement in England, where a Land Tenure Reform League has been founded on the ruins of the old Reform League, with Mr. J. S. Mill for chairman, and Mr. Frederick Harrison, Professor Fawcett, Sir John Bowring, and others of tendencies more or less revolutionary, on the committee. The aims of the body are of course as yet rather ill-defined, but they may be summed up by saying that it seeks to break up the great estates, and keep them broken up. There is a mistaken notion prevalent in this country that this can be done by abolishing the law of primogeniture. The law of primogeniture only operates in cases of intestacy, and might be abolished without producing the slightest perceptible change in the distribution of landed property in a thousand years. The law of entail, moreover, differs from that in this State simply in permitting a settlement in favor of one person not in being, and would do but little towards tying estates up if it were not for the strong family feeling in favor of tying them up. The whole structure of English society, in fact, rests on the devotion of the individual members of the family to the maintenance of the family position; and as long as eldest sons are ready to join their fathers in re-settling estates from generation to generation, the great estates will hold together. So that absolutely prohibitory legislation will be necessary to make a change—that is, legislation somewhat in the direction of that of France, making the division of landed estates equally among children compulsory. This would involve an amount of interference with "the rights of property" such as has never before been attempted in England—indeed, a social revolution; and yet we have no doubt it is coming. The competition amongst the new men, who have made fortunes in commerce, for the political and social honors which accompany landholding, is making the present system intolerable.

The Episcopal clergy in Ireland, after having said a good many foolish things during the passage of the Disestablishment Bill, appear to be accepting their novel situation with a good grace. The archbishops, of whom there are two, about the nature of whose duties there seems to prevail the same painful uncertainty as about the duties of "rural deans"—probably the most mysterious body of functionaries of modern times—have called a synod to organize the Church on its new

basis of freedom, and display a marked desire to place the laity on a footing of perfect equality in Church councils. We fear the laity will make a terribly small show in the new organization. Those who took much interest in the Church were interested in it mainly as a political institution. Its political character being gone, we venture to say it will have less to show in the shape of religious life and feeling than any body of Christians in existence.

There seems to be no doubt that the Emperor's condition is more serious than the official journals in Paris represent. The Empress's journey to the East, for which tremendous preparations had been made, has been postponed, and she has hurried back when as far on her way as Corsica. Moreover, Nelaton, the Paris surgeon, who now occupies the position of a last resource to all the wealthy and distinguished people of the Continent, has been called in in consultation; and although it is every day announced that his Majesty's indisposition is not serious, and that he will "soon be about again," somehow he does not get about. The Bourse in the meanwhile is sensitive to the last degree, and ready for a panic of the first order. The prevailing anxiety is increased by the recent death of Marshal Niel, who was, perhaps, the one man in France who could be relied on to carry the Empire through such a crisis as the decease of its founder. Still the amnesty, as our correspondent has pointed out, has done a good deal to strengthen it.

Mr. Grant Duff made the (East) Indian financial statement in the House of Commons last month, and it contains some interesting features. The total revenue of the empire amounted last year to \$242,672,060 (gold), counting the pound sterling roughly as five dollars—in other words, a larger revenue than from any country in the world except England herself, the United States, France, and Russia. The two largest items in the receipts are about \$100,000,000 from the land tax and \$45,000,000 from opium, the latter drawn partly from opium grown under Government superintendence, and sold on Government account, and partly from a transit duty on opium raised in the Northwest Provinces and exported from Bombay. Mr. Grant Duff, speaking of this last item, says naively that "nobody can feel happy about it," which is quite comprehensible; but his reason is that it is exposed to three dangers—one, that the Chinese may learn to do without it; another, that an effective competition in the Chinese markets may spring up from other countries; and the third, that there may be such improvements effected in the manufacture in China itself as may make it independent of the Indian supply. Of the first of these Mr. Grant Duff says he has no fear—although hostility to the poppy was one of the strange characteristics of the Taeping rebellion—owing to the enormous size of the country, which prevents any movement, in the present state of intercommunication, from being general. In fact, he thinks the opening of Western China will increase the traffic. One does not often, in the accounts of a great empire, meet with a more repulsive calculation; and that a man of Mr. Grant Duff's character could make it so calmly is one of the puzzles of Indian, if not of English, politics.

The Indian expenditure is a more agreeable subject of study than the revenue. The debt is about \$470,000,000, on which the interest is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; in 1800, it was  $8\frac{1}{2}$ . More than a fourth of the revenue goes to the army, which, nevertheless, in proportion to the population, is not large; less than one-forty-eighth goes to education; one-nineteenth goes to the administration of justice; about the same to the police force; but one-eighth went for public improvements—canals, roads, railroads, and irrigation. The railroads are gradually opening up every part of the country, and will speedily make the great famines impossible; a larger and larger number of natives are every year entering the learned professions, and taking part in the administration of justice; and caste is slowly but steadily going down before the spread of European ideas. One of the curious duties which Mr. Maine has lately been called on to perform is to legislate for the proper disposition of European "tramps" or "loafers," mostly discharged soldiers and convicts from Australia, who now ramble about the interior, living by their wits, and bringing scandal on the European, to say nothing of the Christian, name.

## THE REPUBLICAN MINORITY.

IN many of the States there is to be found at present a Republican minority, discontented with one or more of the principles with which its party has identified itself. In one you will find Republicans who are aggrieved at the control obtained over nominations and legislation by the eight-hour men; in another, a minority is disgusted with the identification of the party with that of the prohibitionists; in a third, perhaps we might say in all, a small but constantly increasing number of men heretofore connected with the dominant party are filled with a profound dissatisfaction with the principles which govern the distribution of offices. And although, in almost all cases, an astute reasoner might find plenty of ground for saying that the identification complained of was in no respect essential; that the true Republican party was just what it always had been—the party of equal rights—nevertheless, such argument has very little effect in the face of the visible fact that the dominant organization does at every critical period fall more or less into the hands of some subsidiary, local, temporary “ring.” Historical arguments to show that prohibition, or the eight-hour movement, or the spoils system have no connection with the principles of republicanism, are of little avail in the eyes of those who see all the “rotating” done by Republican officials, all the eight-hour laws and “anti-dramshop” laws passed by Republican legislatures and approved by Republican governors. In this State, the *Tribune* considers the dominant party so tainted by the intimate connection of its Legislature with the “corruptionists,” that it advises Republican voters to elect honest Democrats rather than dishonest members of their own party. Could a stronger proof be found of the dangers which a party incurs from evil communications than this? It is not that the *Tribune* supposes a Democratic Legislature would be one whit more honest, as a general thing, than a Republican; we have its own words for that; but it feels that the simultaneous spectacle of continual corruption and continual Republican triumph induces, after a time, an idea in the popular mind that there is some necessary connection between Republicanism and corruption.

The delicate question arises, and comes into greater and greater prominence with every new election, what this minority of which we speak, discontented as it is with the new-fangled principles introduced by meddling strangers, but firmly devoted to their original tenets, are to do. They have, of course, the choice between three distinct lines of action—they may go over to the Democrats, they may scratch their own ticket, or they may decline altogether to vote. Which of these are they to do? (We leave out of view a fourth course—the organization of a new party; because this involves considerations out of place here.) Of the three modes of expressing discontent which we have mentioned, the third is certainly the simplest and most pleasing to the carnal mind. It involves no exertion, physical or mental; it is eminently gentlemanly, and peculiarly productive of a calm self-satisfaction. We have always observed that voters who stay at home and take no part in the contest, on the ground that the result is all cut and dried beforehand, invariably regard those of their fellow-citizens who go to the polls and bear the heat and burden of the day as a set of blind enthusiasts, whose devotion to the duties of citizenship is incomprehensible, and, according to the temperament of the observer, melancholy or laughable. Indeed, these *posés* recluses appear to look upon political life very much as the monks and hermits of the Middle Ages looked upon civil pursuits—as something which the good man had better keep his hands and eyes as far from as possible; as something necessarily evil. But for those who wish, as the minority which we have in mind wish, to do something more than nurse their discontent, the political monastic system has one cardinal disadvantage—that it has no visible result. A few thousand votes cast for a particular candidate, or for twenty different candidates, are seen and counted; but a few thousand not cast at all produce no effect on anybody's mind. The public does not notice that any one stayed at home—votes always vary by a few thousand at each election; and the consequence is that the non-voters are quietly ignored. Indeed, the plan of staying at home is hardly worthy serious consideration.

Shall the discontented, then, vote the Democratic ticket? For example, in Massachusetts, shall the Republican who disapproves of

the intimate association of the Prohibitionists with the majority change his vote altogether and cast it for Mr. Adams? This course has the evident merit of effectiveness. If a sufficient number go over, the Democrats may carry the day, and then prohibition will for the time cease. The minority will have accomplished its object. But to little purpose. They will have defeated a section of their own party to whom they were opposed, but they will have done it at the expense of the victory of enemies to whom their opposition was much more deadly. It may be asked, indeed, whether one has any right to express his discontent with men who advocate principles he considers pernicious, by voting for men whose principles he considers more fundamentally and thoroughly evil. A Pennsylvanian may show his feeling about Grant's bad appointments by voting for Asa Packer, but it may well be doubted whether he does not vote at the same time in favor of repudiation. An Ohio voter who, for the same reason, casts his vote for Pendleton, feels grave doubts on the same point. It cannot be disputed that whatever faults the dominant party may have, the Democracy is much worse, or that he who votes for the latter in order to correct the faults of the former chooses a weapon which is as dangerous to him who wields it as it is to his enemy. We would not for a moment make use of the common rant about “treachery.” Treachery to party is the very life and soul of political improvement—all new and progressive parties being made up of traitors and “deserters” from older camps; as, for instance, the Republican organization itself, which is nothing else than a collection of unfaithful Whigs, Democrats, and Free-Soilers, who thought that their country demanded something more of them than loyalty to a dead past. It is always a practical question with which party one should vote, not a problem to be settled by abstract considerations; and, of course, if any one thinks that on the whole he can serve more good ends by going over for the nonce to the Democracy than by staying in his own lines, by all means let him do it. We cannot ourselves see our way to this conclusion.

To our minds, the old-fashioned practice of scratching furnishes, as we have often had occasion to say, the simplest and best solution of the difficulties of the present question. By scratching your ticket, you give unquestionable evidence to the eyes and mind of every inspector of the vote that for some reason or other you were dissatisfied with both parties. Your conduct immediately excites attention. It means something. If you had done nothing more than vote the Democratic ticket, this would have attracted comparatively little notice. It would have meant that you were satisfied with that party, and the leaders, after loudly proclaiming the fact, would have gone home contented with themselves and the new accession to their ranks. It would never occur to them for an instant to make an alteration in the party creed for the benefit of the new-comers. It would, indeed, be foolish to do so; for how could they tell whether their action would not drive out as many old adherents as it attracted new? On the other hand, if a large scattering vote is cast, there can be no doubt as to the proper interpretation of it. It means that there is a considerable body of voters discontented with both parties, who may, by discreet measures, be drawn to the ranks of one or the other. There is a direct stimulus to improvement on the part of the managers. They must look about them and see in what they have been erring, what it is that these outsiders wish, where their platform is rotten, and where new planks are needed. If the thousands of Republican voters in Massachusetts who are dissatisfied with prohibition, if the thousands in Pennsylvania discontented with protection, scratch their ticket, the fact cannot fail to make the leaders pause and consider. If they vent their rage in casting their votes for the Democrats or in staying at home, they will in all probability find themselves in a much worse plight than they have yet thought possible. In those States in which the experiment of going over to the enemy has been tried, the results accomplished have been very small. For example, in Virginia, the discontented minority threw themselves into the arms of the Democracy, and, after beating their adversaries, are sadly puzzled at finding their principles confounded with those of their new allies. The triumph of Senter in Tennessee, which was partly accomplished by dissatisfied Republicans, is a very fortunate thing for Senter, but do the Republicans find their account in it? The Democrats welcome the new



accessions to their ranks, but they modify no principles for them. Such Mississippi Republicans as vote for Judge Dent will do no good by it, and a year hence they will find themselves surrounded with the same difficulties which compass them now. In Massachusetts, such Republicans as vote for Adams will find, if he is elected, that they have cast their votes for a Democrat. We advise them all to scratch, and the day of their scratching will long be remembered.

### THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE amount of declamation which the arrival of the last news from China has called forth has enveloped the subject in so much fog that it may be well to make one more attempt to place it before the public in its true light. We gave in substance in our last issue the opinions entertained by an American resident in China, who has in our columns been one of the warmest and, we may say without vanity, one of the most effective defenders, both in American and foreign eyes, the Burlingame mission has had. He has come to the conclusion, on a calm and lengthened scrutiny of the facts, that the Chinese Government did not mean by sending out the Burlingame mission what he believed it to mean, and that Mr. Ross Browne was substantially correct in the account given by him of the actual and prospective state of Chinese relations with Christendom in his recent correspondence with American and British residents, and that the first use the Imperial authorities intend to make of our recognition of their equality is not to take part in what we call progress, but to use whatever concessions we make to them in the treaty to repel all interference whatever, advisory or other, in their internal affairs, and to resist all progress.

Now, this may or may not be a correct view of the case; but it is the view of the American merchants on the spot—that is, of the only body of Americans who know anything about China, or who are competent to form an opinion on Chinese politics worth listening to for five minutes. The best proof that it is a weighty opinion is found in the fact that no answer has been made to it beyond vulgar abuse. Mr. Ross Browne was not perhaps the person whom those who care most for the interests of the United States in China would have selected to succeed Mr. Burlingame; but then his claims to the place, as far as antecedents and character go, were better than those of nine-tenths of the persons appointed to important missions are to theirs. There is something ludicrous in hearing it alleged against him as an accusation that he was a mere literary man and traveller, in quarters from which men who can barely read, and have hardly ever left the county in which they were born, every day draw hearty support for places in the diplomatic service of hardly less consequence than the Chinese mission, and particularly from gentlemen who "respect and esteem" Daniel E. Sickles. It is undeniable that his mode of speaking of the Chinese Government, to which he was accredited, was exceedingly ill-judged, and the indiscretion was aggravated by the fact that he was addressing it not to his own countrymen only, but to foreigners. But then those who have never uttered one word in favor of providing us with a brained diplomatic service are hardly the persons to hold up their hands in horror when our improvised representatives abroad deliver stump speeches during their term of office. We know nothing of Mr. Browne except as an author, but have never heard anything to his discredit as a man, and, judging from his letter to the foreign residents in China, are satisfied that, whether he understands Chinese affairs or not, he is undoubtedly an able man. But there is nothing known of him by anybody which can make the charge brought against him by a portion of the press on seeing this letter—that he was bribed by the English and French to betray his own country and frustrate its policy, or the more recent one, that his dissatisfaction with the Chinese Government was due to his being the agent of disappointed railroad contractors eager for work—anything but discreditable to American journalism.

We think it not at all unlikely that Mr. Browne has been very indiscreet too in his mode of testing Prince Kung's intentions. Very likely he thought it his business, and it fell in with his temperament and raining, to request that functionary to "hurry up" with his improvements, and to let him know that when anybody gives us to understand that he is going to "progress," we expect him to be "lively," and

make a beginning at once; and Prince Kung appears to have told him that it was none of his business, or words to that effect. If it was Mr. Browne only that was dissatisfied with his highness, we should pause—as one usually does when one hears of a dispute between two individuals—a good while before making up our mind which was right. But then the American residents all agree with Mr. Browne, and do believe that Mr. Burlingame has been deceived; and they being a highly intelligent and respectable body of men, and having, moreover, the deepest personal interest in our relations with China, their opinions are entitled to careful consideration.

It must be borne in mind that the whole value of Mr. Burlingame's treaty depends on the intention of the Chinese authorities in sending him out. The question before the world is simply, What did the embassy mean? Ever since Mr. Burlingame came away, the persons likely to be most seriously affected by his negotiations have been carefully watching the signs of the times in Peking; and if they see room to doubt the result of Mr. Burlingame's work, it is our duty to heed what they say, and not to abuse them. It is ridiculous to ask us to accept, instead of their testimony, the views of New York editors of what our Chinese policy *ought* to be. Nobody will regret to learn for certain that Mr. Burlingame's mission has been a failure more than we. We hailed it with delight; and we believe that, if it really fails, the continuance of the policy of outside pressure and interference will eventuate in breaking up the empire, and reducing its vast territory and its enormous population to a state of awful anarchy—such anarchy as the world has not seen since Rome fell. We are not yet convinced that it has failed, but the testimony against it is strong. We have on the other side now only the evidence of Mr. Burlingame himself, who of course is as liable to be deceived as anybody else.

To enable the reader to judge all the better what has actually been acquired or conceded by the treaty which was not already accorded by the treaties of 1846 and 1860, we may mention that there are really *only three new stipulations* in the Burlingame treaty—one which declares that the Emperor of China reserves his right of eminent domain over the lands and waters granted to the United States for trade or other purposes, and that no power at war with the United States shall be at liberty "to attack citizens of the United States or their property within the said lands or waters;" another, that the Chinese Government shall have liberty to appoint consuls at the ports of the United States; and the third, that the citizens of each state shall be at liberty to emigrate freely to the other. Everything else in the Burlingame treaty—that is, the right of reciprocal travel or sojourn, and the right of access to the educational institutions of each country by the citizens of the other—has been already provided for in the former treaties, either expressly or under the most-favored-nation clause. This will no doubt astonish many people, but it is literally true. Art. VIII. of the new treaty—which is, perhaps, the most important one—repudiates on behalf of the United States all right of interference in the internal affairs of China on any subject, and particularly "in regard to the construction of railroads, telegraphs, or other material internal improvements," and concedes to the Emperor "the right of deciding the time, and manner, and circumstances of introducing such improvements within his dominions;" agrees that "if at any time he should determine to set on foot such internal improvements," and should ask the United States "or any other Western power for facilities to carry out that policy," the United States "should designate and authorize suitable engineers to be employed by the Chinese Government," at a suitable rate of pay. As, however, the United States has never dictated to China about her internal affairs, and has never attempted to force her to make railroads or telegraphs sooner than she wished, and as no human being here ever dreamed of such a thing, the only value of this article lies in the fact that it is an expression of our good-will and an admission that China is our equal. But, then, as long as France and England do not make this admission, poor China is no better off than ever. The United States has never bullied her, while France and England have, and, apparently, will continue to do so in spite of our treaty, unless Mr. Burlingame succeeds, as we hope he will, in making similar ones with them.

It is, therefore, the sending of the embassy, and not the treaty itself, that was of special importance. As we remarked in February, 1868, "the Chinese could not hope to combat (Western) prejudices against them, or prove that they were really anxious to reap the advantages and assume the responsibilities of intercourse with civilized peoples, so long as they refused to use their privilege of being represented at the courts of treaty powers." To send such an embassy was to abandon for ever "their old pretensions that China had nothing to ask from the outside world, the nations of which were tributaries of their Emperor;" and we said the despatch of the embassy had, "therefore, a deep political significance," and added that the choice of Mr. Burlingame for it was in every way fortunate. What concerns us now to know, therefore, is not what we have gained or what China has gained by the treaty, for neither has gained anything positive or palpable, but did the embassy mean what it was supposed to mean, or was it a mere attempt to throw dust in Western eyes? Of course, neither the American residents in China nor Mr. Ross Browne can yet answer this question with certainty. We shall only get the answer to it by seeing how the Chinese now behave. But the testimony of observers on the spot counts for a good deal.

### PRISON DISCIPLINE.

THE Conference held in this State, of which we made brief mention last week, on the condition of the prisons, brought out some facts worth everybody's attention. The discipline of the prisons has been long known to be very bad, and it has been equally well known that the causes were the character of the officers and the contract system. The plan of appointing prison functionaries solely for political services, and changing them every time the Governor was changed and indeed oftener, at last resulted in a state of things which there is no use in trying to describe in a newspaper article. Anybody who wants to familiarize himself would do well to read the last report of the Prison Association; but some notion of it may be given by mentioning that the assertion recently made by a competent observer, that the character of the prisoners in many of the prisons was, on the whole, rather better than that of their keepers, would seem to be very nearly correct. How little conscience the political class has in the matter may be inferred from the fact—for fact it is—that a high prison official was not long ago re-nominated by acclamation by a Republican caucus in this State after proof, which there was no gainsaying, had been submitted to them of his having used a jail as an assignation-house during his previous term. Hearing what was going on, he had put forward his "soundness on the main question," and, having services in the army to show, carried everything before him. Incidents like this wear very much the look of being "a negation of God"—the term happily applied to King Bomba's administration at Naples in his latter days.

Now, to commit the power of torturing large numbers of their fellow-creatures by the shower-bath and otherwise to men of this stamp—men not only absolutely ignorant of everything relating to prison discipline, but ignorant themselves of the restraints of steady industry; the waifs and strays who, unable to make an honest livelihood in any of the ordinary callings of a busy country, had betaken themselves to the lower walks of party politics, as to gambling, mock auctions, and lottery dealing—was undoubtedly a shocking thing. Public opinion, as Governor Hoffman said, was outraged by the result. Even if it had not been opposed to all punishments of the class we have mentioned, the use of them by such hands would have excited natural indignation. Think of a ward politician—one of the bullies who "puts things through" at a Democratic and, we may add, a Republican primary meeting—being armed with the power of torturing hundreds of men within an inch of their lives, and being charged with the duty of representing the offended majesty of the law to criminals largely composed of his own old friends and boon companions, if not "pals." The prison revelations of course shocked the people, and the people demanded a change.

A chance was thus afforded of making something like a thorough reform in the prisons. The evils of their condition were well known. Moreover, the science of the reformation of criminals has received

within a few years important additions, which have in most States of the Union obtained little or no recognition, although in Europe, and in one or two States here, they are revolutionizing prison management. It has been ascertained by actual experiment that there is enough of what is good in human nature, enough of self-respect, of gratitude for kindness and confidence, of appreciation of honest courses, of a desire to walk in the straight way, left in the vilest inmates of the jail to afford a fair chance of their moral resuscitation, and of keeping order with but rare recourse to punishment at all. Under what is known as the Irish System—from its having been invented and first applied in Ireland—the self-respect and good faith of criminals have been so far strengthened by kind and judicious treatment that it has been found possible to liberate them in large numbers long before the expiration of their terms of sentence, and give them another chance of resuming an honorable place in society, without subjecting them to other restraint than a slight police surveillance.

So now in Massachusetts Warden Haynes has demonstrated the expediency of relieving the prisoners from many of the more odious incidents of their condition, such as the wearing of the prison dress, and the possibility of maintaining discipline, and doing something to restore habits of self-restraint, by putting it in the convict's power to shorten his term of imprisonment by good conduct, or lengthen it by bad conduct. We are witnessing, in short, in all civilized countries the application to criminals of the great principle of which the French Revolution introduced the application in the conduct of armies—that there is more to be got out of men by love than by fear—that the highest exertions of the will are never called forth except by appeals to men's honor and self-respect, and giving them credit for the nobler as well as the baser passions. The day when the French conscripts charged over the slope at Jemappes, chanting the *Marseillaise*, and driving the stick-disciplined Austrians before them, was a great day for humanity.

But the application of this new principle requires, of course, the trained hands of conscientious men. The management of all men is difficult; the management of convicts peculiarly difficult. There is no harder work—work requiring more judgment, self-control, knowledge of human nature, and sense of responsibility—than the work of making criminals behave like rational beings. There is no office in a civilized state for which persons ought to be selected with greater care. We have amongst us plenty of men who are fit for its duties; who have made them the subject of reverent and enthusiastic study; who know all that has been accomplished here and elsewhere in making prisons something better than scenes of torture; but, except in Massachusetts, they have little to do with our prisons except to write essays about them or visit them at their own expense. Public opinion is shocked when it hears of the use of the shower-bath, or the cat, or the gag, and demands their abolition; but it does not demand complete reform—the cessation, for instance, of the practice of committing those who are convicts to the custody of those who would be convicts if they got their due. So the Legislature abolishes the shower-bath and the other more violent modes of punishment without any enquiry and without providing any substitute, and the result is that the politicians are left face to face with their victims, and defenceless; in other words, cruelty and tyranny are succeeded by anarchy. Their lives, the wardens say, are now in danger—which is perhaps true; but this is by no means the worst of the situation. The worst of it is that the convicts feel that they have got the people at their back, not simply in resistance to abuses of authority, but to all authority; and we have murders, escapes, attempts at escape, mutinies, and disorders of all sorts nearly every week. Yet the very same trouble it took to pass the act abolishing the shower-bath would have carried the Legislature to the root of the evil, by prescribing the qualifications of prison officers, and making their tenure of office permanent.

It is to be observed, however, that in almost every direction in which much attention is given to prison reform, there is a disposition to confine punishment to one object—the reclamation of the criminal. A century ago, society thought of nothing in its criminal jurisprudence beyond striking terror into evil-doers. It then began to be fully recognized that in the infliction of penalties the reformation of the convict should be kept



as steadily and prominently in view as the frightening of the wicked at large. We are now apparently, partly under the influence of the great growth of philanthropic feeling and partly under that of the new physiological view of moral responsibility, passing into a new stage in which warning is practically dropping out of sight as one of the objects of punishment. It is easy to imagine a state of things in jails which, while exercising a very good influence on criminals, would have no terrors whatever for what may be called the criminal class, which is certainly not one whit less hardened and audacious now than ever it was. One can readily see, for instance, how prison discipline—deprived of all its harsher and more forbidding features, with few sanctions but moral suasion, no harsh punishments, few restraints within the walls, and plenty of opportunities for enjoyment—might exercise a most humanizing and refining influence on many of "Reddy the Blacksmith's" friends within the walls, while to Reddy himself, in the world without, it would simply furnish food for merriment, and would satisfy him that the only remaining restraint on his passions and appetites was gone. What the general effect of the new system on criminal statistics will be, we shall of course not know for a long time to come.

#### ROYAL PRETENDERS.

THE romantic charm which used to attach to a "Pretender" in the good old days before the French Revolution, has almost vanished out of men's minds with many another picturesque allusion. In the days when it was a part of religion to believe that nations came into the world saddled and bridled and kings booted and spurred to ride them, the idea of a poor disrowned king robbed of his rightful estate and sent wandering and out at elbows about the world by his rebellious subjects, really caused a genuine sympathy in the breasts of many worthy persons. And we think a little of the old leaven is still left in the minds of reading people as to such of the tribe as had the luck to live long enough ago. One can hardly help feeling a degree of kindness (though a sneaking one) for the poor Old Pretender, James III., the Chevalier de St. George, or whatever title best pleased his ear; though he was but a stupid, tipsy, besotted old creature, which one would in vain try to conjure up for his half-sister, Brandy Nan, or for either of the Georges, first and second of the name, who reigned over England with bad English and worse morals on the throne to which he was laying claim all his lifetime. And Walter Scott and the Jacobite songs have thrown a glamour about the image of Charles III., better known as Charles Edward or the Young Pretender, such as no genius could bestow on the red face, lobster eyes, and bob-wig of Farmer George; though he was intemperately sober, and possessed

"That household virtue, most uncommon,  
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman."

while Charles Edward used to get drunk and beat his wife. And there is something not unpicturesque in the thought of the Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart line, striking that medal, one of the rarities of collections, to put on record his claim to the throne of England, as Henry IX., when he was supported all the while by the charity of the Elector of Hanover, better known as George III.

But since the French Revolution played the deuce with so many old superstitions, the many-headed monster has grown impatient of its divinely ordained riders, and turned restive, and thrown them over its head into the dirt oftener than it used to do. A larger party of discarded majesties might now be collected than that which Candide dined with at Venice, of which Theodore, King of Corsica, was one, who had not money enough to pay his scot, and for whom his royal companions made up a purse to buy him some shirts. The excellent Ferdinand, Count Fathom, afterwards attended his levee in the Marshalsea Prison, of which he was the Father, like the late Mr. Dorrit, where he found him sitting under the tester of a truckle-bed for a canopy, and crowned with a cotton nightcap. Let us see. There might be the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris to sit at the head and foot of the table. For, though blood-relations, they are probably no fonder of one another than blood-relations, each claiming a large estate, usually are, and it might be well to put the length of the table between them. Then there is his Majesty Francis II. of Naples,

surnamed Bombalino, as the worthy son of old Bomba, who commissions brigands whom the Holy Father blesses. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand IV., with Robert, Duke of Parma, and Francis V. of Modena, might well accompany him, since they all were sent packing together by the war of 1859. This last-named animal, who bastinadoed men and whipped women, who bought the harvests of his duchy at his own price and retailed them at his own price too, who would order his subjects to sell him their property for half its value, and, if they refused, took it without paying them anything, who carried off with him not only the treasury of the duchy, and the pictures, coins, manuscripts, and the very silver handles of the doors of the palace, but eighty wretched prisoners whom he had rotting in the fortress of Reggio,—this precious potentate may legitimately pretend to a much wider inheritance than that paltry duchy. For he is the legitimate heir to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland by the common law of England, as the lineal representative of Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I. and wife of the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV., and ancestor of the present house of Orleans, by his second marriage. On the death of the Cardinal of York, the strict title reverted to the representative of Henrietta of England, who, at the present time, we are sorry to say, is this detestable and despicable princeling we have just described.

But we must take breath, and begin a new paragraph. We suppose the poor old, half-idiotic Emperor Ferdinand of Austria would hardly be admitted to the party we are imagining, since he abdicated the throne in 1848, and does not come within the category of the pretenders. But George V., the blind King of Hanover, most distinctly does, for he pretends no less resolutely than hopelessly, and really seems to have inspired his subjects with something of the old spirit of loyalty. Frederic William, Elector of Hesse, grandson of the paternal prince who sold his subjects to George III. to have their throats cut in America, would properly make one of the company, since the King of Prussia has repeated, even more emphatically, the declaration of Napoleon some sixty years since, "*la Hesse n'existe plus*." So would Colonel Gustafson, the rightful heir of the great Gustavus of Sweden, the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, as Major Dalgetty was fond of styling him. When we last heard of him he was a simple colonel of dragoons in the Austrian service, while his rival, the grandson of Bernadotte, the common soldier and his wife the wine-merchant's daughter, is firmly established on his hereditary throne. Dom Miguel of Portugal—who contested the crown so savagely with his little niece Maria da Gloria, and which she received partly by the grace of God and partly of Sir Charles Napier—he has left behind him a son, now about sixteen years old, who has precisely the same claim to the crown of Portugal that the Duke of Madrid (of whom presently) has to that of Spain; the pretensions of the present King of Portugal, as of the late Queen of Spain, resting on the disputed right of Dom Pedro in the one case, and of Ferdinand VII. in the other, to annul the ancient Salic law in favor of their daughters—a recognition of Women's Rights not likely to be accepted by the mere men who were thus set aside. We do not at this moment recollect any other suitable guest for such a goodly fellowship, unless it were King Otho of Greece. We suppose that Prince Murat, who probably may sometimes cast a sheep's-eye towards Naples, and his Imperial Highness, Prince Iturbide, whom poor Max ordained for his successor, failing heirs of his own body, but who is not likely to be very swift in claiming it, would be relegated to the side-table at best, if allowed to come into the room at all.

The only pretender in activity at present, as we hardly need say, is the Duke of Madrid, or Charles VII., as he styles himself, who is doing his best to make the political cauldron of Spain boil and bubble more diabolically than is its wont, in hopes that a spirit may be evoked out of its depths that shall beckon him to the throne. According to the ancient laws of the kingdom, he is the rightful heir—his father, Don John, having renounced his right—as his uncle, the Count de Montemolin, and his grandfather, Don Carlos, were before him. He is barely twenty-one, and is described as a grave youth, of intense bigotry and cordial hatred of modern ideas, well adapted to excite the enthusiasm of the priests and the priest-led peasantry. Dynastically and personally

considered, it must be allowed that his branch of the House of Bourbon has had hard measure. The treacherous tyrant, Ferdinand VII., having had no children by his two first marriages, his brother, Don Carlos, had every reason to hope that in due time he would succeed to the throne as Charles V. But in 1831 Ferdinand married his near relation (we believe she was his niece), the notorious Christina, of Naples, sister of old Bomba; and after this marriage the late Queen and her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, were born, respectively in 1832 and 1833. Whether they were born *of* it may be hardly a question. The intimacy of the Queen with Muñoz, now her husband and Duke of Rianzanar, left little doubt as to their real paternity. Had one of these been a son, his succession would probably have been submitted to without question, if not without grumbling. But when the King, just before his death in 1833, revoked the old Salic law, and settled the succession on his dubious daughters, it is not strange that Don Carlos should have plunged Spain in the long war of succession for the recovery of what was his right by all the rules of the legitimate descent of crowns. And now that the Muñoz dynasty has been kicked out of Spain, it is natural enough that the lawful heir should think that the tide is at the flood which is to bear him on to fortune. And it is by no means impossible that in the stormy effervescence and ebullition of the political waters he may yet come to the surface. That he should stay there, and not be again swallowed up and swept once more to foreign shores, is even less probable than this possibility.

The French Revolution, as we have said, laid the axe at the very root of the hedge of divinity that used to be the defence and guard of kings. Nations now demand of their kings a reason for their existence other than that they are sprung from the loins of former kings. The Age of Chivalry is past, and that of economists has taken its place. Kings must stand for the ideas of the present and the future, and not of the past, and must behave themselves accordingly, or take the consequences. If it were a possible thing that Charles VII. should have learnt something and forgotten nothing, and that he could mediate between the sixteenth century and the twentieth, and bridge over the gulf that separates them, his restoration might be no bad solution of the enigma of Spanish affairs. He would satisfy the sense of loyalty which is still stronger perhaps in Spain than elsewhere in Europe, as the undoubtedly legitimate heir to the throne, and would incarnate the idea of monarchy in the person of a young prince. Who knows but Serrano may yet bring him in as Monk did Charles II., as the best practicable compromise of all the complications of the situation? And if he could but consent to be the head of a constitutional government, with freedom of the press and religious toleration, he might lead the Spanish people from anarchy to good government, and from poverty to prosperity. But this on the violent presumption that he is a great man. None other could be sufficient for these things. And can any good thing come out of the House of Bourbon? We fear that the tribulation through which Spain must pass to her political salvation has but begun, and that the man who is to guide her out of it has not yet appeared. It is not likely that in Spain, or elsewhere, the Coming Man will arise from among the Pretenders to Crowns, even where crowns are still believed to be essential elements of public welfare. They belong of necessity to the past, and their eyes naturally turn backward rather than forward. The old feeling of personal loyalty on which their hopes mainly depend is fast dying out. Their adventures and their fates will serve to point the morals of historians and to adorn the tales of romancers, but their importance as disturbing or as reorganizing forces of society is daily growing less, and men will soon come to wonder that it ever existed.

#### SUPPOSING IT TO BE TRUE.

THE question whether, supposing Mrs. Stowe's story about Byron to be true, she was justified in publishing it—on which, in all that we have said about it, we have only touched very lightly—has been decided by the press generally emphatically in the negative. *Harper's Weekly*, however, takes strongly the ground that the revelation was not only permissible, but in some respects a laudable contribution to literary history, and maintains that Byron's position makes all revelations that throw light on

his character desirable; and it says, as an illustration, that if Shakespeare had committed a brutal murder, nothing would be gained by concealing it. Now, we admit that any view which *Harper's Weekly* and Mrs. Stowe unite in taking with regard to such a question as the propriety of Mrs. Stowe's article is a respectable view, and entitled to respectful consideration; but it seems to us the view they have both taken is an incomplete one, in that they do not take into account the peculiar character of the offence with which Byron is charged. This is a delicate point to touch on, but it is one which it is impossible to avoid, if the subject is to be discussed at all; and on our way of looking at it must largely depend our opinion of Mrs. Stowe's article. That it might be lawful to publish bad things of Byron for the purpose of vindicating his wife we suppose nobody would deny; but then this concession has its limits, and these limits are determined partly by the nature of the charge brought against him, and partly by the nature of that from which it is sought to clear her. Now, the worst thing said of her was that she left him thoughtlessly or unnecessarily or unreasonably or heartlessly, and that she was a prude; but then enough was known of his life and habits when she left him to make those charges fall very lightly; and if they did her the least injury, they have been amply repelled by the forty years of noble living with which she has since met them, and by the growing popular detestation of Byron's character. In fact, by the time he died, what the world knew of him would have brought on her a far heavier condemnation for living with him than her worst enemies have ever cast on her for having left him. But, even if his habits outwardly were never so correct, the marriage relation is such that there may be a score of reasons, and good ones, why a couple should separate which neither of them is bound to reveal—or, at all events, not to the public—and about which it would be a gross impertinence for the public to occupy itself; and Lord Byron's being a great poet placed Lady Byron under no obligation to let the world know why she went back to her father's house. When a wife does this, she has a sufficient answer to all enquiries in the fact that she is in her father's house, and remains there. That Lady Byron suffered during her long and admirable life in the estimation of a single human being whose good opinion was worth having, either through her leaving Byron or through her refusal to state publicly why she had left him, we have never seen asserted, and we do not believe. Honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends followed her during the forty years of her widowhood, and stood about her at her death-bed. In fact, we doubt if any person in whose fate or history the public took the slightest interest has died within the last century who, in his last hours, had less need of making revelations or offering explanations than she. Consequently, as it seems to us, as far as she was concerned, Byron's memory might have been left as it was. The plea that it was necessary to expose him in order to diminish the influence of the Guiccioli book and his poems, we need hardly discuss; any publisher's opinion on that point would settle it in half a minute.

If we are correct in all this, of course the bringing of any charge against Byron was unnecessary, and in some respects undesirable; but there are special reasons, drawn from the nature of the charge actually made, which, as it appears to us, forbade its production, unless for the purpose of removing some equally heavy stain on somebody else's reputation. The circumstance that he is dead may be left out of account. One dead man's memory is, from the highest point of view, no more valuable than that of another, and not nearly so valuable as the character of living persons; and the charge against Mrs. Stowe of having played "the hyena rooting among the graves," etc., is simply puerile. But the crime of which she accuses Byron is one against which society seeks to protect itself by treating it practically as a crime without a name—monstrous, unnatural, execrable. It is one the punishment of which is left almost wholly to public opinion, with which the law is unable to deal effectually; and one of the most powerful of the sanctions by which society seeks to guard against it is the preservation of silence about it; the relegation of it, like parricide amongst the early Romans, to the category of almost impossible things—of things which people not only do not allow themselves to discuss, except in scientific circles, but which they do not allow to be presented to their imagination as amongst the contingencies of family life. No other defence against it could even be half as effectual as this one; and the reasons ought to be weighty indeed which induce anybody to weaken this defence by placing it before the world as a reasonable and proper topic of literary or other discussion, and as a crime committed by a great genius, whose books are in every young man's and woman's hands, and committed by him without forfeiting the admiration of the world. We need hardly say more to mark what we conceive to be the



distinction between it and the crime of murder, which *Harper's Weekly*, in its illustration, supposes Shakespeare to have committed; and we pass over the element of time, which enters largely into all problems of this kind. We might ask, too, what would the world have lost if it had never heard this tale? What dark place in history would have remained unexplored? What human life would have been less happy; what interest of humanity would have suffered? Every fact is surely not valuable simply because it is a fact; its bearings and relations are what we have to consider in estimating it. To the principal actors, too, in the sad drama of Byron's life, their reputation here, and the amount the world knows of their doings and sayings, and its opinion of them, are now amongst the most insignificant of considerations. They care as little about them as about the newest opera or the latest Paris fashion, and must view with sad surprise the way our pens and printing-presses and telegraphs are working over them; but their friends and descendants do care, and care a great deal.

We must say, however, before finally quitting the subject, that the deep abhorrence of Mrs. Stowe's indiscretion—to use no worse term—displayed by some of our contemporaries who are usually not very particular what they publish themselves, and, in fact, have never been known thus far to refuse to publish anything for any other reason than that it would not pay, shows there is a large amount of latent virtue in the newspaper world, and that the people who profess to be shocked by the unbridled license of the press ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is, we confess, exceedingly gratifying to us, both as philosophers and philanthropists, to find what a large number there is of papers usually called "sensational" which could not have been induced to publish Mrs. Stowe's revelations for love or money. They must draw the line somewhere, and it seems they draw it at incest. It is hard, no matter what theologians may say, to extinguish the love of virtue in the human soul, though we admit that the way Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Company are making money by the article is enough to kindle righteous indignation in the breasts of the most depraved lookers-on.

#### THE AMNESTY—GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

PARIS, August 20, 1869.

THE amnesty has taken everybody by surprise, and produced the best possible effect. People who were the Emperor's intimates in early youth, and who have seen comparatively little of him during the last few years of his empire, affirm that, left to himself, this general condonation of political offences was precisely what was most natural to him, and precisely what he would have spontaneously done; only, they who know him so thoroughly add, "He is so utterly without all genuine will of his own, that it is just exactly that which comes naturally to him that he does not do, simply because he is overruled, and made to do the reverse by some of the stronger-willed individuals who surround him." Luckily, in this circumstance he was overruled completely by the new Minister of the Council of State, M. de Chasseloup Laubat, a thorough Liberal of the Orleans school, and ex-Minister under Louis Philippe. M. de Chasseloup, being firmly backed by Prince Napoleon, carried his point; and the amnesty has been granted, not only in the completest possible conditions, but in the most perfectly constitutional form; it being the first act of the Imperial Government which bears the collective signature of the whole Ministry. This, in fact, replies victoriously to the question of "Cabinet or no Cabinet?" Here you have, not one or more ministers representing for a purpose, or for a period, the Emperor's own personal policy, but the whole Ministry honestly trying to carry out what the national will has imposed upon them. There is a "cabinet" in France, which has not been the case since the year 1851.

The feeling created by this wise measure was really needed to counterbalance the gloom suddenly thrown over last Sunday's fête by the death of poor Marshal Niel. He died on the eve of the very anniversary itself—he, the Minister of War—the man whose duty it was, under pretext of glory, to drain France of her gold and blood, in order, by dint of monstrous standing armies, to keep alive the Bonaparte prestige and perpetuate the chances of victory. Just at the hour when the hundredth anniversary of the modern Attila's birth was sought to be commemorated with the utmost solemnity, the French War Minister dies! Well! the man's functions were an anachronism—he represented theories and creeds which are rapidly fading away—but the man himself is a loss; for he was upright, honest, straightforward, and will not be satisfactorily replaced.

There is one man who could far more than replace him; but he is just the man who will not be called upon to do so. I allude to General Trochu, the author of the work entitled "L'Armée Française," which, in less than a year and a half, went through twenty-four editions, and has done as much as your own great war and Prussia's success at Königgrätz to modernize the military notions of Frenchmen touching standing armies. But Trochu is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by all the Emperor's *entourage*, and it is highly improbable that (unless great fear imposed his nomination) he should ever be raised to any responsible situation. It is of comparatively little consequence who (among the *traditionalists*) is named War Minister; for, as I have more than once taken occasion to state, war is henceforth impossible. Baron Beust is the last—not believer in, but—dreamer of anything of the kind. His sagacious rival, M. von Bismarck, is far too clever, and too large-minded, and too foreseeing, not to know that France will allow of no war to prevent the German races from uniting when they resolve to do so. However, the game of "playing at soldiers" will endure some years still; and for the requirements of that expensive and useless pastime, Marshal Bazaine, the "Mexican hero," or General Fleury, the hero of the *coup d'état*, or General Montauban (Count Palikao), the free-handed hero of Pekin, will do as well one as the other.

A great discussion has been going on about the maintenance or abolition of the Ministry of the Household and Fine Arts, and at last things have been left *in statu quo*. There is a good deal to say upon this point, and the proper form is certainly not yet found for the utmost degree of encouragement to be afforded to art and to artists in this country. The great difficulty is, as in every country, to decide between the impartial and the technical. If at the head of any Government institution intended to foster art you put a man technically educated, he has no end of preconceived ideas, he is full of prejudice, and (worse) he has favorites of all kinds and sorts—favorites theoretical and personal; and the injustice he commits at every turn is quite enormous. On the other hand, if you take a man utterly untechnical, because you suppose he will be more likely to be genuinely impartial, you fall commonly into the sins of ignorance and omission. The two systems may be seen working together here to perfection, and each succeeding equally ill. At the head of the arts of painting and sculpture has been placed M. de Niewerkerke, a most amiable, agreeable, pleasant man of the world; but, unluckily, a dabbler in sculpture, and, like most amateurs, a lover of facile and unelevated art. The harm done to the French pictorial arts by M. de Niewerkerke's administration is incalculable; the whole level of art has been vulgarized, lowered; and the only artists worthy of the name during the last fifteen years are the few who dare render themselves conspicuous by their open hostility to the *surintendant*. Here you have the inconveniences of the technical functionary.

In Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of Fine Arts and of the Emperor's Household, you have the finest possible example of the untechnical or impartial administrator. The Marshal is utterly ignorant of anything in the whole domain of art, and has certainly no *parti pris*, no preconceived ideas, no favorites; besides which, he is honest, and justice, and impartiality itself. Well, for all that, he succeeds no better than his subordinate of the pictorial department, and literary art is threatening to fall as low in France as its sisters of music and design. It may be that the "way out" will be found here, as elsewhere, in absolute freedom, and that the best way to "encourage" art will be found to be to leave it completely to the mercy of the public. What tends to make one believe this is the conduct of the great uneducated public on the days of "*les représentations gratuites*." One of these took place as usual last Sunday at the Imperial theatres, and I had the curiosity to witness it. The theatre I chose was the Grand Opera, and the performance was that of "*Les Huguenots*." I will not attempt to describe to you the aspect of the house, though that is one of the most interesting spectacles that can be imagined; but I will merely state what is the amount of critical sense shown. I have numberless times and in various countries seen "*Les Huguenots*" given before what are termed polite audiences, but never have I seen its most refined beauties appreciated as they are by this "*public des faubourgs*." Not a phrase of Madame Miolan's exquisite style escaped them, not one of Faure's "lights and shadows" of declamation. They seized everything, and never applauded in the wrong place. The strange thing was that they seemed less moved by the loud choral or orchestral masses than by the more delicate and refined passages, and I was told by those of the administration that this was always so. "This public," said one *habitué* to me, "gives the other a severe lesson: these people judge for themselves and never err; the others require a *claque* to guide them."

## Correspondence.

## BYRON'S MYSTIFICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In support of your theory of the origin of the Byron scandal—a theory which has also been mine—I venture to call your attention to an article from “Under the Crown,” republished by *Littell* Feb. 13, 1869. The writer, who signs himself “Octogenarian,” was a schoolmate of Byron’s at Harrow, and intimate with him there and afterwards till Byron’s final departure from England. He spent at one time several weeks at Newstead Abbey, and, though he himself took orders and lived “an almost solitary life in a country curacy,” saw Byron not unfrequently in London, and corresponded with him constantly. The whole article is exceedingly interesting, and has doubtless been read by many of your readers. But the trait in Byron’s character described in the concluding paragraphs may not be remembered. If, as appears probable, the whole terrible charge rests on Byron’s “confession,” it will easily be seen from the following how much reliance is to be placed on such a “confession.” The writer says:

“There was hardly an offence of which he would not, with perfect indifference, accuse himself. An old schoolfellow, who met him on the Continent, told me that he would continually write paragraphs against himself in the foreign journals, and delight in their republication by the English newspapers as in the success of a practical joke. Whenever anybody has related anything discreditable of Byron, assuring me that it must be true, for he heard it from himself, I always felt that he could not have spoken upon worse authority, and that, in all probability, the tale was a pure invention. If I could remember, and were willing to repeat, the various misdoings which I have from time to time heard him attribute to himself, I could fill a volume. But I never believed them. I very soon became aware of this strange idiosyncrasy; it puzzled me to account for it; but there it was—a sort of diseased and distorted vanity. The same eccentric spirit would induce him to report things which were false, with regard to his family, which anybody else would have concealed though true. He told me more than once that his father was insane, and killed himself. I shall never forget the manner in which he first told me this. While washing his hands and singing a gay Neapolitan air, he stopped, looked round at me, and said, ‘There always was madness in the family.’ Then, after continuing his washing and his song, he added, as if speaking of a matter of the slightest indifference, ‘My father cut his throat.’ The contrast between the tenor of the subject and the levity of the expression was fearfully painful—it was like a stanza of ‘Don Juan.’ In this instance, I had no doubt that the fact was as he related it; but in speaking of it only a few years since to an old lady\* in whom I had perfect confidence, she assured me that it was not so; Mr. Byron, who was her cousin, had been extremely wild, but was quite sane, and had died very quietly in his bed. What Byron’s reason could have been for thus calumniating not only himself, but the blood which was flowing in his veins, who can divine? But, for some reason or other, it seemed to be his determined purpose to keep himself unknown to the great body of his fellow-creatures; to present himself to their view in moral masquerade; and to identify himself in their imaginations with Childe Harold and the Corsair, between which characters and his own—as God and education had made it—the most microscopic inspection would fail to discern a single point of resemblance.

“Except this love of an ill name—this tendency to malign himself—this hypocrisy reversed, I have no personal knowledge whatever of any evil act or evil disposition of Lord Byron’s. I once said this to a gentleman† who was well acquainted with Byron’s London life. He expressed himself astonished at what I said. ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘do you know any harm of him but what he told you himself?’ ‘Oh! yes—a hundred things.’ ‘I don’t want you to tell me a hundred things; I shall be content with one.’ Here the conversation was interrupted. We were at dinner—there was a large party—and the subject was not again renewed at table. But afterwards, in the drawing-room, Mr. Drury came up to me and said, ‘I have been thinking of what you were saying at dinner. I do not know any harm of Byron but what he has told me of himself.’”

L. R. W.

CAMBRIDGE, September 3, 1869.

## THE CHINA MERCHANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An article in the *Tribune* of Aug. 31, entitled “How we should deal with China,” takes occasion to insult our American merchants in that country by stigmatizing them as “that class of persons” who “are essentially narrow-minded, selfish, and grasping;” and applies to them the rhetorical flourish of Burke, that “their ledger’s their Bible, their desk their altar, their counting-house their temple, their money their God;” and that if there is any class of evil counsellors whom an American minister to China ought to avoid, it is this one.

\* Mrs. Villiers, Lord Clarendon’s mother.

† The Rev. Henry Drury.

The *Tribune* has long been established in this city; and its editors ought to know that many of our best citizens came from and are still identified with “that class,” and that their general intelligence, respectability, and humanity are at least equal to those of the *Tribune* editors, while they are much better qualified to say “how we should deal with China.”

It is very common for the *Tribune* editor to apply the term of “liar” to those who have charged him with having said or done that which he deems offensive or untrue. I, of course, would not follow such a bad example, but simply say to him, in the most explicit manner, that his opinions of the American China merchants are most unfounded; that his mode of expressing them is unbecoming and vulgar; and that his remarks on the China question betray an ignorance of the subject that is, when joined to so much arrogant confidence, simply ludicrous.

A CHINA MERCHANT.

SEPT. 4, 1869.

## THE HARVARD “RAH.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been my fortune to have heard much cheering in the various English-speaking lands. To my ear, there is no sound more inspiring than that of frigate cheering frigate, while the boatswain’s whistle calls time, or the natural outburst of a body of young men animated by *esprit de corps* and accustomed to cheer as one. It would be hard for that matter to improve much upon the Harvard cheer of twenty years syne. But, on the other hand, it would not be easy to invent a cry more pert and tinkling than the “rah! rah! rah!” which infests but does not resound from the banks of the Charles to-day.

The original English are in some sense connoisseurs in the art of cheering. Their opportunities for observation and practice in that particular have been neither few nor small. How impressive the “rah” must seem to them we can easily conceive. Is it possible to repress a smile in favor of the *Times* reporter on reading his account of the great race? “The Harvard crew jump away and are putting forth wonders of power. The Americans in the two steamers are wildly excited and give a peculiar cheer—‘Ah! ah! ah!’ . . . . Once more, however, ‘Ah! ah! ah!’ burst from American lips, but the dreaded enemy crept on, got fairly abreast, and forged ahead.”

The history of the “rah” is as follows: When the lists of “parts,” mock or real, for exhibition or commencement is publicly read in the College-yard at Cambridge, it has long been the custom to cheer, ironically or otherwise, at the name of each recipient. As there may be forty or fifty names read, and the interest in each is often small, the long hurrah was frequently lazily abbreviated into “rah! rah! rah!” It must be admitted that the “rah” is well fitted for the emotionless service which gave it birth. But in an evil hour, some fifteen years since, it occurred to the collegians that they had better accept the amendment and make it a standing rule, and thus these “residual leavings” came to molest the public ear.

If a distinguishing cry be really necessary for the use of their college, as possibly it may be, cannot the Harvard men be induced to invent something to meet the actual requirements of the case without resorting to a cheer devoid of life and beyond the pale of human sympathy? But in any event—whatever the Harvard men may think or say of their practice or their style—let it never again be told of the rest of us Americans that, standing in the midst of a foreign throng, with the world breathless in expectancy, while a handful of “ours” pull gallantly to the front in spite of odds the most appalling, we can find no cry to express our emotions but only “Ah! ah!”

F. H.

BOSTON, Sept. 4, 1869.

[Our correspondent is mistaken, we think, as regards the length of time during which the cry he complains of has been in use. It certainly is not fifteen years since we heard a decent lung cheer from a crowd of Cambridge students. The three cheers used to be quickly given, but the single cheer was not shortened.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. add to their list of new books, American and English, the following: “One Poor Girl, a History of Many,” by Mr. Wirt Sikes, who has been a habitual student of some of the bad and miserable stages of life in this city; “Trees, Plants, and Flowers—Where



and How they Grow," by Mr. William L. Baily, whose book is likely to be clear, interesting, and sound; "Compensation," a novel by Anne Brewster; "Christ and the Scriptures," by the Rev. Mr. Adolph Saphir; "Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism, with Incidents of Convent Life," by Eliza Richardson, whom we take to be an Englishwoman, and who is also the author of a book similar to this one—a book entitled "The Vail Lifted; or, The Romance and Reality of Convent Life;" "The History of Freemasonry from its Origin to the Present Day," by J. G. Findel, who is a Mason himself, and whose work has the prefatory endorsement of Brother D. Murray Lyon; "Alfred the Great," by Thomas Hughes; and, finally, "Masterpieces of Living English Painters," which is a collection for presentation purposes of twenty-six autotype reproductions, taken from the best engravings, of celebrated pictures, and which contains also descriptive letterpress. We should mention here that Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have made arrangements which give them exclusive control of all Washington Irving's works, and that they will issue an edition—simultaneously with the English issue—of the *Sunday Magazine*, a liberal and good magazine of its kind, and one to be recommended to families—Christian or otherwise—as very readable, instructive, and well illustrated. Rev. George Macdonald is one of the contributors, and Mr. William Gilbert, who is more purely a story-teller—a man who has the old and almost forgotten liking for stories as mere stories—than any one we now think of, is another regular writer for the *Sunday Magazine*. The editor is Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who is perhaps a better editor than author.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in preparation "Letters from the East," by Mr. Bryant, as well as a new edition of the same author's "Letters of a Traveller;" "The Mystic Bell, a Tale for the Young Folks," by E. J. Kuntze; "Green-houses and Green-house Plants," by M. Field—the preface by Mr. Bryant; "Mr. Secretary Pepys and His Diary," by General James Grant Wilson—a work of which we seem to recollect that it was published some two years ago; "On the Edge of the Storm," a novel by the author of "Mlle. Mori;" and—better than any of these—"Letters from England and Italy," by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in press Dr. F. E. Anstie's "Neuralgia and Diseases which resemble it." Last week, in our mention of the authors whose names are to be found in Macmillan & Co.'s list, the reader will find Dr. Anstie's name appearing as Austin. Another small error of the types in the same paragraph makes us say that Mr. Freeman, the historian, is the author of "Ecce Homo." The comma after "Freeman" should be a semicolon. It is not any longer denied, we believe, that the author of "Ecce Homo" is Professor Seeley, of the London University. The same house have for the young people and their parents the good news that Mr. Carroll, the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," has written a companion for it, which is to be called "Behind the Looking-glass"—a place where, obviously, many marvellous things may readily be discovered, especially if the right person goes to look. "The Stranger of Seriphos" is a new book of poems by a Mr. Broome, who is not known to us. Other works announced by Macmillan as in a state of preparation are Hozier's "Campaign in Abyssinia," Huxley on "Strong Drink," and, by the same author, "Lay Sermons" and an "Elementary Geography;" "Old Tales Renarrated," by Henry Kingsley; Colonel Higginson's "Malbone;" a Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by Mr. Christie; "Woman's Culture and Woman's Work;" a Life of Galileo; Dr. Galton's "Hereditary Genius;" several school-books; these three volumes to be added to the "Globe Editions" of classical authors—namely, "Spenser," "Dryden," and "Cowper;" and three to be added to the "Golden Treasury Series"—namely, Mr. Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Professor Masson's edition of Milton, and the "Book of Satires," selected by Mr. Hooper.—Messrs. Bill, Nichols & Co., of Springfield, Mass., will soon make their first venture in the publishing world by putting their imprint upon an autobiography of John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer—an auspicious beginning, we should think, so far as the treasury of the new house is concerned, and not inauspicious in any respect.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in press and nearly ready a work by Professor Raphael Pumpelly, entitled "Across America and Asia," being an account of five years' travel and residence in Arizona, where Mr. Pumpelly had some exceedingly rough experiences with wild miners, in Japan, and in China, in both of which countries he spent some time in the employ of the Government, and from the latter of which he travelled overland to Europe by way of Mongolia and Siberia. The same firm will publish Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's "Life of Rossini," which will be enriched by Doré's picture of the maestro on his death-bed—a picture not in the market, we believe; and Ehler's "Letters on Music," translated by Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter.

—By reason of their close relations with the best writers of this country and England, the reading public always expect the fall list of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. to promise a treat, and the treat promised this fall is one that we suppose even this house has never before equalled. First in interest is a volume from Mr. Lowell, entitled "Among My Books," which will contain some of the critical essays which their author has contributed to the *North American Review*. It can hardly contain them all, for it is to be a 16mo we see by the advertisement; so it is, no doubt, safe to begin grumbling at once. Four or five such essays as the "Dryden" would fill up any reasonable 16mo, and we suppose some of the lectures on more abstract literary subjects are to be left out. However, we are not likely to be unthankful for what we do get. The Rev. Mr. Samuel J. May, the veteran and venerable Abolitionist, who probably knows the people and events of the anti-slavery struggle as well as anybody in the country, if not better, writes a volume of "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict." This should be supplemented by other works, which could easily be made by any one of the old anti-slavery army; especially the comic and humorous side of the struggle should be given; some of the reformers were queer enough creatures, and some of them have a sense of the humorous—a gift that reformers, we fear, are not often blessed with—which would qualify them for giving us entertaining books as well as contributions to the history of the times. Mr. May's reminiscences, or some of them, have already appeared in print in a journal of the denomination to which he belongs—the Unitarian. "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," which, after being delivered as lectures at the Lowell Institute, appeared in the *Atlantic* from month to month, is now put into book-form by its author, Mr. Whipple, whose merits and defects as a critic are tolerably well known. Miss Anne Isabella Thackeray's complete works—"The Village on the Cliff," "Five Old Friends," "From an Island," and other stories equally good—are to be published in two volumes. "This is not the first time," Miss Thackeray writes to the firm, "that I have to thank you for thinking of our interests in America;" so the edition is "authorized," and will be treated accordingly, we suppose, though the war is not over yet between the Harpers and Fields, Osgood & Co. "George Eliot's" novels are to come out—have indeed already begun to come out—in volumes uniform with the "Household Reader" and the "Household Thackeray," which have been so successful in satisfying the popular wish for a uniform edition of the works of these favorites. The "Adam Bede," which is before us as we write, seems free, or nearly so, from a small defect which its predecessors had—a narrowness of the back margin of the pages, on account of which the reader, in order to get at the ends of the lines, had to bend the covers of the volume with bad results to the stiffness of the back. "Too Bright to Last" seems to be an English novel, as it is to be printed from advance sheets, but by whom it is we are not told. The late President Felton's "Greece, Ancient and Modern," a readable book, is to appear in a one-volume edition. "The Secret of Swedenborg" is by Mr. Henry James, and will get the best attention of philosophical religionists and of many metaphysicians; and if it does not also need their best attention, it will not be Mr. James's, for he is abstruse. "Army Life in a Black Regiment" is by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who formed, if not the best, at all events one of the earliest, and decidedly one of the most amusing, of the colored regiments. It was recruited from the Sea Island field-hands, and contained several "geniuses" whom Colonel Higginson, as his *Atlantic Monthly* papers bear witness, knows how to make more or less entertaining. The life, also, was a strange one. Our readers will recollect the "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens, in fourteen volumes; it is now to be put into seven volumes, each containing from sixteen to twenty of the illustrations. And Mr. Emerson's works, everybody will be glad to hear, are also to undergo compression, and be published in a cheap edition of two volumes, which will contain all the prose works. This gives us three volumes in one, and the size is duodecimo. Stopford Brooke's life of F. W. Robertson and his own sermons will appear in one volume each. Volume I. is announced of Professors Agassiz's and Hartt's "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil." Professor Hartt does the geology and Professor Agassiz the natural history of the fishes. What to expect of Mr. John D. Sherwood's "Comic History of America" we do not know; curiosity will be satisfied in November, however, if it can be held in that long. "Miracles Past and Present" is by William Mountford, a writer better known in Boston, and among religious preachers of advanced liberal views, than elsewhere and by other people. Of "Juveniles," Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s list contains some that are very good. Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" is excellent, so far as we have read it in *Our Young Folks*, and so is Mrs. Diaz's "William Henry

Letters." "The Fairy Egg" we know nothing about; nor of "A Child's Dream of a Star," except that it is Mr. Dickens's, and therefore likely to be good. Miss E. S. Phelps has written a story for children which she calls "The Trotty Book," and which the publishers declare ought to be as popular among the young people as her "Gates Ajar" has been among people of matured years. This latter work, by the way, goes into an illustrated red-line edition, and will be sought after as a gift-book by thousands more than the thirty or forty thousand who already have read it. We should have mentioned among the books for adults the Rev. Mr. Edward Everett Hale's new volume. "Sybaris and Other Homes" he calls it, and it is pleasantly satirical on modern American ways of living, as our readers know who recollect the papers as they appeared in the *Atlantic*.

—In books of Poetry, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s catalogue is of course strong, but we have to record new editions of works well known rather than much that is new. Mr. Bryant, however, translates the "Iliad," and gives us this year the first twelve books. And the "Vagabonds," by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, is new—at least as a volume, and probably as regards some of the poems; and wholly new, we suppose, is the ill-named "Uncle Sam Series" for children. It consists of four volumes of verses by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and Mr. Trowbridge, who each fill a thin paper-covered volume with a ballad. Mr. Stedman does "Rip Van Winkle's Nap," and we hope he put off the composition of it till Mr. Jefferson came with inspiration for him, as indeed he might to many a poor poet. Mr. Taylor does "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Stoddard "Putnam the Brave," and Mr. Trowbridge "The Story of Columbus." The illustrations are in colors, and the covers of the volumes are to be gaily illuminated—Mr. S. Eytinge, jr., and Mr. Alfred Fredericks being the artists. Mr. Gerald Massey's book is also wholly new. The rather singular and almost infallibly unhappy title of it is "A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems." But for the rest, the announcements of poetry are all of old poems in fresh forms, except that, no doubt, the new "Atlantic Almanac" will have some new verses by some one or other of its contributors, who are Mr. Lowell, Mr. Howells, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Trowbridge, Mr. Hale, Miss Kate Field, Miss Phelps, Dickens, and Thackeray—who probably furnishes some recently unearthed scrap—the firm intending to publish everything of his they can find. Mr. Lowell's complete poetical works are to appear in the "Diamond Edition" form, in various bindings, and at various prices, from a dollar and a half up. All of Whittier's poems are going to be issued in a two-volume edition, to be called the "Merrimac," as a two-volume Tennyson, which this house publishes, is called the "Farringford," from the poet's residence. There is also to be a profusely illustrated selection from Whittier's writings, which will be called "The Ballads of New England." The publishers say that it will be "the most beautiful holiday book ever produced in America," and perhaps it will. Longfellow's poetical works go into a "Red-line edition," complete in one volume, with twelve illustrations, and, besides this cheapest of illustrated Longfellows, there is to be "The Building of the Ship," with twenty pictures, designed by Hennessey and Gifford, and engraved by Anthony and Linton, and a new and cheaper edition of the translation of the Divine Comedy. Owen Meredith's "Lucile," the success of which ought to persuade him to leave off poetry, and take to novel-writing, goes into one more of its numerous editions. Tennyson, complete, is to be put into a Globe Edition—a duodecimo—for a dollar and a quarter. It is to be printed from new plates. "The handsomest and cheapest illustrated Scott" is a "red-line" small quarto, with twelve illustrations, and, bound in cloth, it will cost four dollars and a half.

—It seems that there was some mistake in the announcement that Mr. George William Curtis will be among the contributors to the *College Review*, which has just been started. He is compelled to decline compliance with the requests of editors in almost every case.

—The English market has been almost barren during the last fortnight, so far as regards works in Science, Fiction, History, Biography, and Poetry; and most of the books which we are called on to mention are such as may best be classed as Miscellaneous. A Mr. Wrascall Hall has published a volume of poems, of which the chief is a drama called "The Curse of Creeds." "Creeds Cursed out of the Way, or Two Lovers made Happy in a Twelvemonth," would be a better title for the poem, according to one of Mr. Hall's critics. The hero wishes to marry the heroine, it appears; but she has some scruples as to wedding with a gentleman who positively, not to say violently, declares that if there is anything he does not like, it is religion. Hereupon the hero leaves her; but, by-and-by, he comes back, and, by dint of much strong language, turns her from piety, and convinces her that she is all wrong. Then they marry. Two forth-

coming books of Biography are the "Life of Jane Austen," by the Rev. Mr. J. Austen-Leigh, the novelist's nephew, and the "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," by the Rev. Mr. Guy L'Estrange. Both will have interest; and Miss Mitford's, properly done, could not fail to be pathetic, and to take its place among the most enduring records of woman's fortitude and self-sacrifice. She was thus much, at least, of "a Sancho Panza in petticoats"—as some woman, without much discrimination, once called her—that she was faithful for many years of trial to a man whom she thought herself in duty bound to serve. Her father made her life a long and painful struggle, which she bore without complaint. Exactly how to classify a work by Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie we do not know. Doubtless it has an equal right to be considered history or fiction. Its title is "Arthurian Localities;" and the author's object is to prove the not new hypothesis that Arthur was so far from being a southwest of England hero that he was a Scot, and did his fighting and won his glory in the centre of Scotland. "The Lay of Havelock the Dane," re-edited by Mr. W. W. Keat, we may put down as poetry; and so, also—with mental reservations—the three ballads by Mr. J. Harrison—one called "The Clipper Screw," one "Maximilian," and one "Trafalgar." A book which, probably, we may safely put under the head of fiction is one by the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," and is described as "a novel and yet not a novel"—a description which for some time has been of wide application to the works of contemporary novelists.

—Among the Miscellaneous books, several are interesting: "Nationality, or the Law Relating to Subjects and Aliens," is by Chief-Justice Cockburn, and deals with the subject with a view to future parliamentary legislation upon it. "A Treatise on Punctuation, and on other matters relating to Correct Writing and Printing," may possibly be of service to authors, though we imagine its good influence will most likely reach their works through the medium of proof-readers rather than in any more direct way. Numismatists will desire a book—to be issued in five or six parts, by Mr. J. Russell Smith—which treats of English coins of all denominations, from the Conquest to the present time. Two lectures by Mr. W. B. Hodgson we think we have not mentioned before; they deal with the questions of "The Education of Girls, and the Employment of Women of the Upper Classes." Messrs. Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold are said to have been making a systematic exploration of the low districts of all London, for the purpose of producing an illustrated book—"it is whispered," of the gloomiest nature." Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, who is certainly the writer of some if not of all the *Saturday Review* essays on woman as she ought not to be—but perhaps sometimes may be, if girl-of-the-period essays keep on appearing—has written, it seems, several essays for the *Broadway*, which are much like the more famous ones but are rather milder. These have been collected into a volume entitled "Ourselves," which Messrs. George Routledge & Son have recently issued. "The Antiquities of Heraldry" is by Mr. William Smith Ellis, who imposes on himself the task of making it manifest that modern heraldry embodies, or is derived from, the most ancient religious symbols and military devices and the emblems of the heathen deities of antiquity. The cross he traces to the phallus, we are told. To expect a writer on symbolism to keep his eye on the things signified rather than upon the sign would be to prepare disappointment for one's self. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has recently edited a collection of proverbs and adages, and has once again received praise for very good workmanship and called down on himself blame for his abuse of other workers in the same field. Agriculturists will be interested in Mr. J. J. Mechi's "Profitable Farming," which has for its second title "Latest Agricultural Sayings and Doings; with Balance-Sheet from June, 1867, to April, 1869." Of Mr. Edward Arber's reprints of old English works, the latest volume is Nicholas Udall's "Roister Doister," which is edited from the unique copy in the library of Eton College. At Bury St. Edmund's there has just been discovered a letter written by Sir Isaac Newton to Mr. Ffolkes, in which the philosopher gives what seems to be a full account of his discovery of the law of gravitation, and in which there is made no mention at all of the most celebrated save one of all apples. There begins to be general doubt, therefore, if the common story has any foundation in fact. A much praised book, in which science is said to be worthily popularized, is the volume of essays read before the British Medical Association at Oxford last year. They are the work of Doctors Acland and Rolleston, of Oxford; Dr. Gull, of London; and Dr. Haughton, of Dublin. Medicine as it is and the future of medicine were, respectively, the subjects treated of by the two gentlemen last-named, and their papers, as well as



those of their fellow-associates, appear to have been very well fitted not only for the comprehension of their medical brethren but that of the general public. We are apt to speak disparagingly of "the popularization of science;" but every year it becomes more evident that such is the immense increase in the extent and intricacy of each branch of scientific research, that it is not for the general public merely, but for the various classes of scientists also, that science must be "popularized." Before long an entomologist, say, talking *qua* entomologist—not popularizing his talk—will be no surer of an intelligent audience when he addresses accomplished geologists or able chemists, than when he is addressing able-bodied stone-breakers or strong-headed drysalters.

—Among Theological or Religious books recently published in England, or soon to be published, there are a few which have value and interest. The Rev. Mr. G. Bartle writes "The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades," in which he makes enquiry into the state of the righteous and the wicked between the time of their death and the time of their rising from the grave to undergo the general judgment, and seeks to prove, from the Bible, that the atonement for the sins of mankind was not made in this world, on the cross. Mr. Bartle believes in a Purgatory—or rather in a Hades—where souls, existing in a state which is neither completely happy nor completely miserable, await the sentence which consigns them to a perfect Heaven or an utter Hell. In Mr. Robert Baxter's "God's Purpose in Judgment," it is contended that the theory of the annihilation of the wicked, and the Universalist theory of final eternal happiness for all men, are both untrue. Odder, we dare say, than anything in Mr. Baxter's book is the fact that a citizen of the religious world should think that within that world either of these theories exists in sufficient strength to make it worth while to attack it. Among men who are not to be classed as religious there is plenty of Universalism—in a sense; and there is also plenty of Annihilationism; but as sectarian beliefs, neither of these aberrations from orthodoxy is now of any importance at all. We have already once mentioned Mr. Charles Hastings Collette's "Reply to Cobbett's One-sided History of the Reformation in England and Ireland." Mr. Collette, "using simple facts," answers Cobbett's "low, vulgar, and virulent abuse," and proves that many of his so-called "facts" are not facts. The question ceases, however, to be one of past facts—as Cobbett, if he were now living, would no doubt be very sure to tell Mr. Collette. The Rev. Mr. Isaac Williams is the author of two volumes of sermons which now go into new editions—one entitled "Female Characters of Holy Scripture;" the other, "Characters of the Old Testament." Of use to students of the New Testament will be the Rev. Mr. Wm. Pound's "Story of the Gospels," showing in a new translation their unity. Not only an English, but a Greek "harmony" is presented in Mr. Pound's work.

—Ignorance of America has not yet quite ceased to be a part of a good English education. It is true that American affairs and ideas every day get more and more of the respectful attention of Englishmen; and that every day the number of Englishmen increases who do not believe, with Mr. Carlyle, that we over here are all "going to hell" straight; and that there is an increasing number of Englishmen who, though they concede the truth of Mr. Matthew Arnold's proposition that the United States is the Paradise of Mediocrities, yet, even after they have made that dreadful admission, venture to doubt, openly, if there are not one or two dreadful admissions for Mr. Arnold also to make. Still, the time has not come yet in the inchoate America on the other side of the water for Americans and American affairs to expect from the average British subject a perfectly intelligent treatment. Naturally, the intercollegiate boat-race has brought this truth into prominence, and the British press has lately been saying several things calculated to infuriate good American citizens very much. There was, for instance, the letter written to the *Times* the other day by the bow-oar of the Oxford boat. After mentioning the undeniable fact that Oxford had given Harvard a beating, it proceeded to say that the beating might have been a good deal worse if it had not been for this, and that, and this other cause. Are gracious things of that kind so easily done unless one feels a rather supercilious dislike and contempt for one's defeated antagonist, and wonders a little at his impudence? We trow not. Then the *Saturday Review*—not at all uncivilly, however—favors us with what seems an imaginative account of Harvard University—one which, if it is not imaginative, gives us painful assurance that not yet has it occurred to the giants of Gath and Askelon to inform themselves thoroughly concerning Cambridge in Massachusetts. Harvard men wear caps and gowns, it appears, and do many other things not known to the American public. Then again we have our friend, Mr. Thomas Hughes, congratulating Harvard on having "produced" Professor Agassiz, who, the fact is, was pro-

duced "in the beautiful Pays de Vaud," as an American Doctor of Laws, recently created such by Mr. Hughes's own Oxford, has given all the world to understand. Then, finally—not to make too long and humiliating a list—there is a correspondent of the *Anglo-American Times* who tells the editor of that journal that it was not fair "to select from a nation like the United States a crew to compete with a mere university," evidently supposing, the editor says, that "Harvard" was the name of a professional crew selected from the continent, something like the Wards." We can't all be Englishmen till after the Millennium; but luckily there are enough of Englishmen even now to do pretty well a chief duty of the race—console one for not being English.

#### OUR OWN BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

THIS is the somewhat awkward title of a good-looking little volume of two hundred and sixty pages which comes to us from Philadelphia, in the latitude of which it seems to have been written. We do not remember having before seen the author's name in connection with ornithology, and this little book, pretty and convenient as it is, stamps him as a judicious compiler rather than an original observer. It is smoothly and pleasantly written, and contains much general information about our birds; but it smells of the library rather than of the fields and woods, and has little of the charm and fascination, and few of the characteristic marks and features, which belong to the great works from which most of its material has been drawn. It is only fair to say, however, that the book does not assume to be a new contribution to ornithology, but aims "simply to present, in a concise and familiar manner, to the youthful reader some interesting facts relating to the birds of our own country." But we fear the youthful reader will suspect that it is a device to insinuate knowledge into his head, and will find it very dry reading, or will lay it aside altogether for books that smack more of the real article, like Bumstead's "On the Wing" or Halsey Thrasher's "Hunter and Trapper."

It would seem to require quite as much genius, and much more tact and address, to popularize any branch of science, especially to make it win upon the attention of the younger class of readers, than it does to succeed in a more learned and profound way. Young as well as old love freshness and the savor of real things; and a subject presented in such general terms as to be shorn of all picturesqueness and special interest—which is the manner of most concise and familiar treatises, and to which the book before us is hardly an exception—usually goes a-begging with both. A compilation, or even a graceful presentation, of the main facts in the lives of our birds will not suffice. A writer on ornithology who would win the ear of old and young must go to the fields and woods and tell his own story, and tell it with genius and enthusiasm—must avail himself of all the accessories of scenery and place and personal adventure, and give us a live bird and not a dead image. It is not because Audubon's facts are facts that his page is so vivid and entertaining, but because they are Audubon's facts—a world of acute and original observation borne along on the stream of a copious personal experience and adventure; and it is the cost and voluminousness of his works alone, as of those of Wilson, that create the demand for a cheaper and more concise treatise. Cheaper and more concise it must be; but a less picturesque and winsome narrative, or a page with less hearty love and appreciation of the subject, we do not want. Tried by such a test, none of the recent attempts seem to us to possess much merit. Some expectation was excited by Samuels' "Ornithology and Oology of New England," but, aside from its quotations and appropriations, it had little value, and is thoroughly unreadable. If some enterprising publisher would bring out a new edition of Nuttall's work, which is now entirely out of print, and which is prized highest by the best judges, the public would have within its reach both an agreeable book and a valuable manual of ornithology.

Still, we would not judge too harshly the work before us. The reader might pay dearer and fare worse. Any young person devoted to the study of our birds, and who needs no spur from others, but only guidance, will find in it much help. It is illustrated by over fifty wood-cuts, containing the figures of about seventy of our more familiar species, the majority of them strikingly good—so good, indeed, that there seems no excuse for the few bad ones. The cuts of the red-start, the blue-bird, the song-sparrow, the cedar-bird, the oriole, are hardly recognizable. Neither can we praise the figure of the robin—the attitude of which is that of a chicken afflicted with the gapes.—The full-page illustration of a pair of ruby-throated humming-birds is also open to criticism. According to the scale

\* "Our Own Birds of the United States. By William L. Bailly." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

adopted in drawing the branch and the foliage of the picture, one might take these figures to represent some large new species of snipe, while the nest would accommodate a barn-fowl, though it is doubtful if even a shanghai could deliver itself of such eggs. But the cuts of humming-birds a page or two further on are excellent, as indeed are nearly all the rest of the figures in the book. Perhaps we ought not to except the frontispiece, which represents our national bird with so much the look of a goose about the head and face—and a stuffed one at that—that we are heartily ashamed of him, and inclined to discredit all the author has written about his haughty spirit and bold flight.

The system of classification adopted is, for the most part, that of Lilljeborg, which divides the class Aves (the primary system of Figors) into three sub-classes, viz., *natatores* (aquatic), *ursores* (terrestrial), and *insectores* (arboreal); and though readers of the older ornithologists will be a little perplexed to find cuckoos and parrots placed in the same order with the woodpeckers simply because the arrangement of the toes are the same in each, yet in the present unsettled state of the science, when every system of classification, like an ill-fitting shoe, pinches nature at one point or is too loose at another, it answers the purpose very well.

As Mr. Bailly has written with the hope that his book would stimulate the reader to further and independent enquiry upon the subject of ornithology, it seems to us that if, in so small a work, he had covered but part of the field, dealing in less general remark and encomiums upon the works of nature, and given us more pointed and graphic pictures of the lives of our everyday birds, following them into their haunts, and identifying them to us by some characteristic trait or call, his success would have been much greater, because the final value of such a work is in proportion as it lets the reader into the special delights and atmosphere of the subject, giving a charm and a significance to what before was passed by unnoticed.

#### CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is now more than half-a-century since the name of M. Guizot appeared in French literature, and he is still to-day a successful and vigorous writer. One of his latest works, "St. Louis and Calvin," is sufficiently known through a translation to our reading public to dispense us from any notice of it here. His last published work is "Mélanges Politiques et Historiques." Its preface bears date May, 1869, but the seven essays comprised in it appeared at intervals from July, 1816 ("On Representative Government"), to September, 1828. In thus republishing political pamphlets more than forty years old, M. Guizot disclaims any motive of personal vanity or "an old man's mere caprice." "I have lived too long," he says, "and have but too well experienced the rapid decay of everything—books, men, and governments—now to harbor the pretension of occupying the attention of the present with a vanished past. But among the facts and political problems which agitated us in France forty years ago, there are some—and these the gravest—that bear an intimate analogy with those of to-day. The dominant feature of the actual situation," continues M. Guizot, "is, evidently, an effort to emerge from the régime of dictatorship, and enter upon that of active liberty, and the efficacious influence of the country upon its government. I say dictatorship, for such is the true name of what is to-day called 'personal government.'" This is plain speech; and the preface continues with an admirable sketch of the attempts made from the period of the first Napoleon down to the present day to obtain constitutional guarantees for France.

But if the language of M. Guizot be plain, that of another French writer of to-day is yet plainer, although veiled by the text of a history as old as the sway of the Cæsars. The writer we refer to is M. Beulé, the author of a work on "The Emperor Augustus, his Family and his Friends." The reasons are very clear why such a work, well executed, should receive special attention in France just now—or, for that matter, at any time within the past fifteen years. Augustus is not the only emperor designated as "the nephew of his uncle." Until within comparatively few years, the Augustus known to France was the sovereign portrayed by the flattering Virgil, and who, attired in the more modern drapery of Corneille, has challenged the admiration of successive generations of Frenchmen. But the Augustus depicted by M. Beulé is a different personage. Here we see him as he lived and governed, with his cunning attitude and physiognomy, cruel whenever his interests did not dictate moderation, without the brilliant faculties of the great Cæsar, but—to use a telling phrase of Jules Favre—clever in corrupting for the sake of reigning, and clever in noiselessly introducing the machinery of despotism into the Roman world.

Not only Augustus, but Livia, his wife, Julia, his daughter, and Mecænas and Agrippa, his lieutenants and counsellors, are admirably portrayed by M. Beulé. And with the same wonderful fidelity with which he presents Augustus, M. Beulé has also reproduced Tiberius. In this portraiture of Tiberius—a study in psychology and philosophy—we are made to see not only the individuality of the tyrant, as manifested in his despotism, but also the influence of unrestrained imperial power upon the individuality. Following the career of the successor of Augustus, noting his character before he inherited empire, and his violence and debaucheries as soon as he obtained possession of that heritage, we have a revelation of the effect of tyrannical power on him who wields it.

M. Beulé has continued this double historical study of imperial personages and imperial morals in another work just published, "Le Sang de Germanicus" ("The Lineage of Germanicus"). It is, properly speaking, a series of portraits, grouped under one title. The author's introduction presents the main idea of his work somewhat thus: "I have been severely criticised by some persons who refuse to admit the general application of my judgment upon Augustus and Tiberius, and who cannot grant to these special cases the value of a demonstration. 'Your severity for these emperors,' say they, 'is at once unjust and purely personal in its application. The faults of these two great personages make a case against them, but not against the theory they represent. Human inferiority should not be allowed to compromise the majesty of power. Augustus is a parvenu, the result of civil war; Tiberius an intruder, deformed by the tyranny of Augustus. Neither of these souls was developed in the charming cradle, the serene atmosphere, the vivifying clearness of supreme power.'"

To this the author replies:

"History serves us admirably, for she gives us a series of emperors who can satisfy all the exigencies of the problem. Born in the purple, grown up under the shadow of the throne, idols of the crowd, favorites of the soldiers, they are all the issue of excellent and noble parents, the descendants of the republican Drusus, the honorable Antonia, the honored Germanicus, the proud Agrippina. The blood that flows in their veins destines them to virtue, to popularity, to sacrifice. Ardently beloved, these princes promise Rome the delights of the golden age. Such qualities as theirs must be hereditary, and may be expected to increase sovereignly, and grow over a universe prostrate in love. Even as we select for the race the noblest breed of animals, we take the issue of a family eminently liberal, in which genius, uprightness, disinterestedness, humanity, and respect for the laws are traditional, and in which liberty counts her martyrs. And yet the lineage of Germanicus has been more fatal to mankind than the race of the most execrable tyrants; for it yielded without resistance to the test of limitless power, and produced egoists so formidable as to be compared to monsters. Of this lineage is the son of Germanicus, Caligula; the brother of Germanicus, Claudius; the grandson of Germanicus, Nero—in other words, a madman, a fool, and a poor actor, who become at once the butchers of the Roman people and the workers of irreparable political ruin. No demonstration can be more decisive against the defenders of 'personal power'; and it would almost seem as though in periods of decay and downfall virtue itself becomes the bait of servitude, and popularity a poison that acts against the country."

Although the moral lesson and the modern political teaching are distinct and clear, they do not in the slightest degree interfere with the historical fidelity of the author's painting. His satire is keen, but it is not written in his page; it springs up in the mind of the reader from the simple recital of facts and the telling force of his reflections. As we read, we plainly see that imperial modes of subjugation and servitude have an astonishing resemblance even although two thousand years apart; and such is the incisive actuality of some of these reflections that we apply them to a state of things much nearer to us than ancient Rome—as, for instance, when we read: "Revolutionists are those who sap the foundations of a state to assure their own usurpation, who violate the laws, make of the army an instrument of oppression, of the Senate a degraded tool, of free suffrage a falsehood, of the multitude a mercenary troop; and who penetrate the heart of the nation with corruption, lethargy, and self-oblivion. On the contrary, those who desire the maintenance of the constitution, the re-establishment of secular institutions, the grandeur of the state sought by a common effort, human dignity respected, the rights of citizens consecrated, the people attached to industry and honor as they are attached to their soil—such men have ever and always been the true, the only conservatives. The worst revolutionists are Augustus, Tiberius, and their successors." In the series of medallions forming this remarkable museum of the lineage of Germanicus, not the least interesting are the visages of women: Antonia, the widow of Drusus; Agrippina, the granddaughter of Augustus, and widow of Germanicus; Julia; the second Agrippina, the mother of Nero; and, finally, Messalina. The last would be an admirable portraiture were it not that Juvenal's great page on that woman.



which might be called a sketch in aquafortis, must for ever render weak any modern attempt to describe her. M. Beulé, to use a common phrase, sticks to his text. He makes no allusions to modern times or modern rulers, but he who runs may read. And in this respect there is no novelty in the idea of the book. The entire literature of France, we may say, is arrayed against the principle of the Empire; and the mine of Roman history has been worked with great skill and success for material against it. Some four years ago, Rogeard's remarkable pamphlet, "Les Propos de Labiénus," made its appearance, telling the story of the old Roman legionary, its hero, who had fought for the Republic, and who, living in the reign of Augustus, expresses himself freely concerning public affairs. All of it veritable Roman history, there was not a word concerning any man or matter subsequent to the age of Augustus, and yet its every line was vitriolic in its satire of an existing government and a living man. Its author could not remain in France after its publication, and was compelled to save himself by flight. Allusions to the age of Augustus have since abounded in France, and the keenest-eyed censorship is often at fault to detect them. This sort of imperial torment has increased, and the mounting tide of discontent has only been turned by the senatus-consultum of the other day. Even in a book so apparently innocent of political allusion as Renan's "Apostles" is found this biting sentence, which, after all, is a plain historical statement: "It seems that a decree issued by Augustus sought to define with precision the limits of the right of association and of assembling. *These limits were exceedingly narrow.*" You see that it was under Augustus, 1,900 years ago, that such a decree was rendered.

M. Nestor Roqueplan was for many years director of the French Opera. If he knows anything, it certainly is Paris and the Parisians, and he has written several works to prove it. His last is "Parisine." Some idea of its spirit may be obtained from the preface to the work. Here it is, entire:

"On dit: Strychnine, Quinine,  
Aniline, Nicotine.  
"Je dis: Parisine."

M. Philartète Chasles gives us "Encore sur les Contemporains, leurs Œuvres et leurs Mœurs," or disquisitions on a variety of subjects—Russia and Poland, The History of Caricature in Europe, Caricature in England and France, The Mexico of To-day, etc., etc. Although M. Chasles is an author who, as his countrymen would say, *sent le besoin d'écrire*, he nevertheless is always fresh and interesting, and has some information to communicate. He is familiar with English literature, and has done much to introduce a taste for it in France, and was one of the earliest of living Frenchmen to write pleasantly and not without a good degree of intelligence concerning the United States, which he visited, and through which he travelled extensively.

A handsome octavo is "Philosophie de la Société," an "Étude sur notre Organisation Sociale," by Paul Ribot, a lawyer, who announces the object and scope of his work in language which no one will be so hardy as to dispute: "Nothing is more important than principles. These granted, their consequences flow logically from them. If discussion continue indefinitely, and if it obtain no results, it is because principles are not appealed to, and the two disputants are in the position of two men armed with swords, which they flourish, but at too great distance to reach each other. Being reality, truth, principles finally prevail. They end by proving themselves right; which is not surprising, since they are right itself. Nevertheless, principles are despised. Superficial men make light of them. Practical men see in them nothing but vain and useless theory. And yet nothing is more powerful. They are the touchstone of all truth, and finally they guide the world." This book contains principles only—principles of social economy, government, instruction, social science, set forth as briefly as possible. The author claims the application of a new method to social science. And then follows this somewhat remarkable

statement, which will show the spirit in which the book is written: "The only point on which I have permitted myself to put forth ideas which will appear extraordinary, and which may shock some persons, is apropos of the influence that Christianity must have upon society. To me it seems that it is Christianity that constituted it in the past and maintains it in the present; that law, science, civilization, everything, depends upon it; that not only is there in reality no opposition between it and modern societies, but, on the contrary, that they are themselves the productions and, so to speak, the flowers of Christianity."

An interesting book of travels by M. —, Secretary of Legation, attached to the French Embassy to Persia, which the author calls "Trois Ans en Asie," should properly have claimed to be nothing more than three years in Persia. The usual route chosen by travellers from Europe to Teheran, the capital of Persia, is by Constantinople and through Asia Minor; but our author takes the circuitous and more interesting one by Malta, Cairo, Suez (*bien misérable, bien petit*), Djeddah (port of Mecca), Aden, Muscat, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Bushire, Shiraz, Kazeroon, Is-pahan, and Persepolis. The *Victoria*, a war steamer belonging to the English East India Company, appears to have been placed at the disposition of the French ambassador and his *suite*, and our author does ample justice of grateful record to the hospitality extended them. There was but one drawback—unfortunately a serious one. We all do know that the French diplomat is not more thoroughly possessed of his Puffendorf and his Vattel than of his Brillat-Savarin, and our author records his judgment that the education of the cook of the *Victoria* was, for an Englishman, admirable, but from the French standpoint *déplorable* (strong emphasis on the penultimate syllable). People are astonished—thus philosophizes our author—that the English contract so many diseases in India, and are immoderate in their use of blue pills. There is greater room to be surprised that they can resist a single year their *cuisine enragée*. Pepper, ginger, pimento, in all their forms, are omnipresent. And in order more easily to swallow these satanic mixtures (*ces mélanges sataniques*), they mingle port with porter, and "triple ale" (treble X) with rum and gin. "I confess that of all the dangers that await the Asiatic traveller, I rank highest, *sans contestation*, and reckless of the wounded susceptibilities of tigers, serpents, and reptiles, the Britannic dinners he is forced to undergo. They are not only poison, but torture to the uninitiated, and you rise from table martyred and dying of hunger." The dinners and breakfasts excepted, our secretary might have passed his life, he says, on board the *Victoria*. The general tone of the work is less energetic, however, although exceedingly readable. Of adventures there are positively none. Nearly one-half the author's four hundred and eighty-three pages are taken up with the journey to Teheran, where he remains for the rest of his volume and of his three years. We cannot say that the book makes any substantial addition to our knowledge of Persia already obtained from Elphinstone, Burns, Campbell, and Deshayes. The descriptions of various peculiar Oriental types—Lascars, Fellahs, Jews, Parsees, Mollahs, Dervishes, and Guebres—are well executed, and the chapters on Persian nationality and religion show observation and reflection. The author says that the loud and ostentatious Mohammedanism of the Persians is all put on—downright hypocrisy, in short, notwithstanding the passages of the Koran constantly in their mouths, and their profuse use of pious exclamations.

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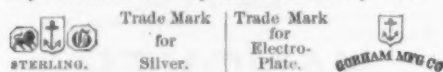
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